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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

VOL. LXXIV.—No. 1908
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NEW YORK, APRIL 7, 1892

TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR



"SHINE, SIR?"—From a Painting by J. G. BROWN.
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IMPERIAL GRANUM
THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
U. S. A.
ENGLAND
CANADA

PURE **SAFE**
DELICIOUS, NOURISHING FOOD.
FOR
INVALIDS, CONVALESCENTS,
AND THE AGED.
★ FOR NURSING-MOTHERS,
INFANTS - AND - CHILDREN.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. SHIPPING DEPOT: JOHN CARLE & SONS. - NEW YORK.

IMPERIAL GRANUM is unexcelled as a dietetic preparation, supplementing most effectively the treatment by physicians of weak and irritable stomachs of young and old alike. It has been used by the writer's family for the past twenty-five years with the most excellent results. An instance of its restorative qualities came recently to the writer's knowledge in the case of a clerical friend who was greatly reduced by a severe attack of dysentery and unable to retain or assimilate any food but IMPERIAL GRANUM, to which he ascribes his full and rapid recovery. It is a perfect food for infants and invalids, children and convalescents, adults and the aged.—*The Churchman, New York.*

FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE: 346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

JANUARY 1, 1892.

ASSETS.

Real Estate.....	\$12,428,247.15
Stocks and Bonds.....	77,647,663.40
Bonds and Mortgages.....	21,406,288.56
Loans secured by collaterals.....	4,551,000.00
Premium Loans.....	521,700.28
Cash in Office and in Bank and Trust Companies.....	6,070,942.27
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....	565,087.81
Net amount of uncollected and deferred premiums.....	2,756,466.34

TOTAL ASSETS

\$125,947,290.81

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, or Value of Outstanding Policies.....	\$109,428,156.00
Other Liabilities.....	1,378,111.50

\$110,806,267.50

TOTAL LIABILITIES

SURPLUS, being the same amount which will be shown to be the Company's Surplus by the Annual Report of the New York State Insurance Department as of December 31, 1891.

\$15,141,023.31

INCOME.

Total Premium Income.....	\$26,256,275.40
Interest, Rents, etc.....	5,597,919.58

\$31,854,194.98

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid.....	\$6,097,620.70
Endowments paid.....	1,906,735.11
Annuities, Dividends, Surrender Values, etc.....	5,517,075.07
Total Paid Policy-holders.....	\$12,611,490.88
Commissions.....	3,918,142.69
Agency Expenses, Physicians' Fees, Advertising and Printing.....	1,550,614.28
Taxes, Salaries and other expenses.....	1,317,842.05

\$19,458,089.90

TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS

Number of Policies issued during 1891, 52,746. New Insurance, \$152,664,982. Total number of Policies in force Jan. 1, 1892, 193,452. Amount at Risk, \$614,824,713.

JOHN A. McCALL, President.

HENRY TUCK, Vice-President.
ARCHIBALD H. WELCH, 2d Vice-President.
GEORGE W. PERKINS, 3d Vice-President.
RUFUS W. WEEKS, Actuary.

A. HUNTINGTON, M.D., Medical Director.
CHARLES C. WHITNEY, Secretary.
HORACE C. RICHARDSON, Assistant Actuary.
EDMUND C. STANTON, Cashier.

Trustees.

WILLIAM H. APPLETON, JOHN CLAFLIN,
C. C. BALDWIN,
WILLIAM H. BEERS,
WILLIAM A. BOOTH,
W. F. BUCKLEY,

CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, H. C. MORTIMER,
EDWARD N. GIBBS,
W. B. HORNBLOWER,
WOODBURY LANGDON, JOHN N. STEARNS,

WILLIAM L. STRONG,
HENRY TUCK,
RICHARD MÜSER,
EDMUND D. RANDOLPH,
WM. C. WHITNEY.

KODAKS

are always sold loaded ready
for immediate use. They can
be used for roll films or glass
plates. The new
DAYLIGHT KODAK

can be loaded in daylight. Registers exposures and locks automatically when a new film is turned into place.

\$8.50 to \$25.00.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON
QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST

INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

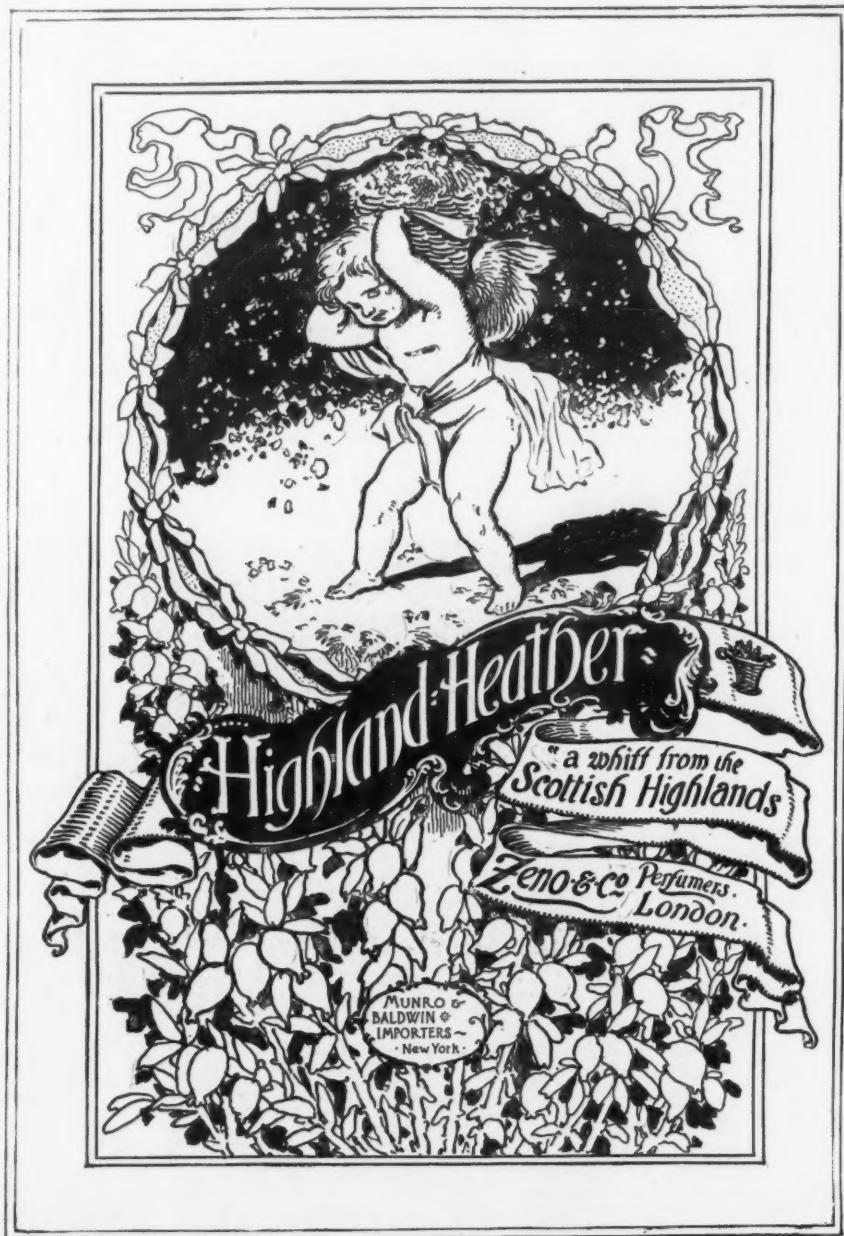
Discovered by Accident.—Its Concoction, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other known solution and does not irritate the skin, and it is safe for even sensitive skin. A wonderful result. **IT CAN NOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on mole, may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. **MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.**

Recommended by all who have tested its merits—Used by people of refinement.

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which gets away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the hair, and preserves the hair, so that it can never grow again. It is a true impermeable, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received on the same cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) On this advertisement out.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS | Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations.
WANTED. You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

We Offer \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. **EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.**



Mme. Rowley's Toilet Mask
(OR FACE GLOVE).

The following are the claims made for Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask, and the grounds on which it is recommended to ladies for Beautifying, Bleaching, and Preserving the Complexion.

- 1st. The Mask is soft and pliable, and can be easily applied and worn without discomfort or inconvenience.
- 2d. It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape.
- 3d. It has been analyzed by eminent scientists and chemical experts and pronounced perfectly pure and harmless.
- 4th. With ordinary care the Mask will last for years, and its valuable properties never become impaired.
- 5th. The Mask is protected by letters-patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the only genuine article of the kind.
- 6th. It is recommended by eminent physicians and scientific men as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.
- 7th. The Mask is as unlike the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face, as day is to night, and it bears no analogy to them.
- 8th. The Mask may be worn with perfect privacy if desired. The closest scrutiny cannot detect that it has been used.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS.

"I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."

"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the mask."

"My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."

"I am perfectly delighted with it."

"As a medium for removing discoloration, softening and beautifying the skin, I consider it unequalled."

"It is, indeed, a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."

"The mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritation, etc., with each application."

"For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it."

"Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."

"I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn, and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."

"I have worn the mask but two weeks, and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."

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THE COLORED NUMBER OF FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

TWELVE MONTHLY NUMBERS, ONE DOLLAR.

April 7, 1892.

WITH FLOWER PREMIUMS,
ONE DOLLAR AND A QUARTER.

THE SILVER BILL.

THE Bland Silver bill is not likely to pass the House during the present session of Congress. There are votes enough to pass it, but the Democratic managers see that its enactment would ruin the party's Presidential chances, and so they will do nothing with it until after the election, when it will be rushed through under whip and spur. Probably they imagine that they can humbug the people by this sort of jugglery, but if they do they are vastly mistaken. The party, by its action on the rule to take up the bill as a special order, placed itself distinctly on record, 137 Democrats out of 217 voting for unlimited silver coinage, and but for the fidelity of the Republicans to sound economic principles, the bill would have been passed then and there.

GERRYMANDERING REBUKED.

WHETHER the decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin that the legislative and Congressional gerrymander enacted by the Democratic Legislature of last year is unconstitutional and void will have the effect of preventing similar outrages in other States is yet to be seen. It will at least prevent the success of the Democratic scheme in that State to intrench the party so securely as to enable it to defy all future assaults. The truth is, as to all gerrymandering schemes of this character, that they never accomplish just the partisan end desired, and in nearly every case result to the disadvantage of the party responsible for them. In the long run fair play is the safe rule in politics as in other matters, and where the principles of justice and of right are violated, and considerations of common sense are defied, it may with confidence be expected that the wrong in due time will be righted.

THE FAIR AND SUNDAY OPENING.

IT is a little difficult to understand why the World's Fair Commission should hesitate as to its policy concerning the Sunday opening of the fair. While there is, of course, a considerable sentiment in favor of keeping open the exhibition on that day, there is not the slightest question that the vast majority of our people are opposed to such a course. Not merely all the great religious bodies, representing probably eighteen million communicants and double that number of nominal church-goers, but nearly all our industrial and other organizations have protested strongly against Sunday opening. A significant indication of the sentiment of the industrial classes is furnished by the action of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, numbering some twenty-five thousand persons, mostly brakemen, who have made a formal demand for observance of the Sabbath in connection with the exhibition, in order that railway employés may have an opportunity for needed rest. In the recent hearing before the Senate Committee on Quadri-Centennial, it was insisted that this class of persons are entitled to the moral support that would be afforded by coupling with the Congressional appropriation a requirement that the fair should not be opened on Sunday. It should be stated in this connection that the Legislatures of all the States which have so far acted on this question have declared against the policy of those who would open the exhibition seven days in the week.

HE SHOULD STEP DOWN AND OUT.

IT is difficult to see how Judge Isaac H. Maynard can remain on the Bench after the action of the New York Bar Association condemning him by an overwhelming vote for his participation in the confessed theft of the election returns from Dutchess County.

The report adopted by the association shows conclusively that his action in this case was utterly indefensible, and was dictated by partisan considerations of the most unworthy character. The adoption of this report, which expresses the almost unanimous sentiment of the bar of the State, puts an end to Judge Maynard's usefulness, and he ought to realize that public sentiment will not permit any tainted man to continue in judicial office. The

Tammany Legislature having failed to see its duty in the premises by removing him, as recommended by the Bar Association, he should now at once take himself out of the way and relieve the State of the scandal which his presence upon the Bench creates. If he has an ounce of self-respect he will step down and out with the utmost possible expedition.

MR. MILLS AS SENATOR.

THE election of Roger Q. Mills as United States Senator from Texas secures that State an able representative in the Senate Chamber, and the free-trade minority in that body a valuable re-enforcement. We have not the slightest sympathy with Mr. Mills's political principles. We believe their triumph would be unfortunate for the public interests; but we recognize him as a man of unsullied integrity, of positive convictions, and of unquestionable courage in their maintenance. We wish there were more men like him in public life. The men of pulp, who have neither convictions nor backbone, so often get to the front that it is a positive pleasure to find a man of Mr. Mills's quality advanced to a high and influential position by the unsought suffrages of a great constituency. Of course his transfer from the House to the Senate deprives the Democratic majority in that body of the only capable leader it has had for years.

HILL MUST NOT ESCAPE.

WE have commented elsewhere upon the action of the State Bar Association in recommending the removal of Judge Maynard. It ought not to be forgotten that this action practically condemns Senator Hill, since the evidence upon which it was based shows his readiness to suggest and acquiesce in actual theft in order to possess himself of the control of the Legislature. It is well understood by everybody that the whole conspiracy which resulted in securing the Democratic majority in the Senate was instigated and directed by Hill. Maynard and the rest were simply his tools. They are pilloried as they deserve. He ought not to be permitted to escape, and the probabilities are that while he may for the present consider himself secure, he will learn in due time that the same public sentiment which has branded the other criminals is competent to baffle and defeat his ambitious schemes, and impose upon him the same deserved punishment from which they are now suffering.

THE PRESIDENT OF HARVARD IN UTAH.

THE late Dr. Horace Greeley went to Salt Lake City and had the privilege of a long and candid talk with Brigham Young and some of the other leaders of the Mormon Church. Horace Greeley took the measure of the saints, if we may use the expression. He heard all they had to say in defense of their creed and practices, asked some searching questions, and treated them personally with the respect due from honored guest to honoring hosts. But he did not think it necessary to pay for his entertainment by dealing out to the Mormons a sensational dose of flattering nonsense, and it is safe to say that when he left their presence, the Melchizedek priesthood did not wink humorously at the Aaronic priesthood behind the Gentile philosopher's back.

What opinion these same very astute gentlemen have formed concerning the intellectual equipoise of President Eliot of Harvard University, can be conjectured from the current reports of President Eliot's speech in the Mormon Tabernacle, a few days ago. President Eliot's theme in Salt Lake City was the service which Mormonism has rendered to civilization by its sufferings and endurance for the sake of religious liberty. He told the Mormons that they had built up in that valley one of the great successful colonies of the world in order that they might worship God according to the dictates of their conscience; and he is said to have gone even so far as to compare the journey of the Latter Days Saints across the plains, "under the guidance of a Christian church," to escape persecution and to establish the right of free worship, with the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers to New England, across the Atlantic Ocean.

While it is undoubtedly true that some of the earlier migrations of the disciples of Joseph Smith—such as the move from Manchester, in Ontario County, to Kirtland, Ohio, and from Far West, Missouri, to Nauvoo, Illinois—were determined in a measure by the religious intolerance of their ignorant and bigoted neighbors, the great exodus to Salt

Lake had no more to do with religious freedom than with the golden fleece or the fount of perpetual youth. The saints went to Utah not in order that as a "Christian church" they might worship God in peace, but in order that they might practice polygamy unrestricted by the laws of Christian civilization. That is the plain truth about their pilgrimage across the plains. If President Eliot does not know it, he is an ignoramus unfit to stand as the figure-head of a great institution of learning.

Moreover, the material success of the Mormon colony is due not to the enthusiasm for religious liberty, which President Eliot assigns as the cause, but to the energy of American character, the shrewdness of a few extraordinarily able leaders, and a cast-iron organization which is in fact a religious despotism. In no community on the face of the earth is the State more tightly bound up in the church than in the Mormon system. The separation of Church and State is the foundation of religious liberty; and if President Eliot does not know it he should resign his present office and return to Cambridge, if at all, only as a member of the freshman class in one of the foremost of American universities.

A COMING MAN.

Nor all the men who were brought to the front in politics by the popular revolution of 1890 have justified the expectations of their supporters; some, indeed, who were elevated to important positions have proved miserable failures, and will very speedily be relegated to the obscurity out of which they were lifted. But there are some among the new men who were projected into Congress by that upheaval who have demonstrated genuine capacity, and are likely to impress themselves upon the legislation and policy of their time. Among these is Hon. William J. Bryan, of Nebraska,



WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

who was elected to Congress on the platform of tariff reform by a phenomenal majority in a strong Republican district, and has since attained, by a single speech, a commanding position in the House. Mr. Bryan, who is thirty-two years of age, is a man of fine appearance, of indomitable purpose and solid intellectual qualities, which make him a dangerous antagonist. He is a lawyer by profession, and is assisted in the preparation of cases by his young wife, who studied law and was admitted to the Bar in order that she might make herself more truly his helpmeet.

ARE ALL SOCIETY WOMEN BAD?

An indignant correspondent wishes to know whether we regard all society women as bad—basing his query on the remarks in last week's issue concerning the Deacon and Drayton scandals. We have no hesitation at all in replying to our excited questioner that we do not regard all society women as bad. But we do see very much in what is called "good society" that shows a low moral state, and the prevalence of tendencies full of danger to our social life. And it is the simple truth that women, and too often wives and mothers, are responsible for this condition of affairs. And the evil is all the greater because the offenders against good morals very often set themselves up as social leaders and claim the right, because of their wealth or for other reasons, to fix the fashions. For the most part these persons have no higher aim in life than the gratification of selfish vanities. Frivolous, indolent, luxurious, they are consumed by petty ambitions to get on, and appear well in the public eye; and their example does infinite mischief.

Alongside of these victims of a false moral conception, who too often fall a prey to their own theory of life, must be placed the men of easy virtue, who contribute their share also to the deterioration of our "best society." If recent events in Japan and elsewhere shall teach persons of this class that the Seventh Commandment still has some claims to respect, and that they cannot poach with impunity upon other men's matrimonial preserves, perhaps there will be no reason seriously to lament the tragic feature of these occurrences.



JUDGE MAYNARD.

permit any tainted man to continue in judicial office. The



BOOT-BLACK AND HIS CAPTIVE.—BY J. G. BROWN.

JOHN G. BROWN, N. A.

THESE is a species of genre art which assumes historical importance from the fidelity with which it portrays the characters and manners of its time, thus preserving, for future record, the characteristics of a people whose individual and mental traits change and develop from generation to generation. It is to this class that the art of J. G. Brown belongs. He is, essentially, a painter of the men and women and children of his own time, in their habits as they live; and the gallery of his works is a pictorial description of the people among whom he has worked for the past forty years. From them the twentieth century may learn what we looked like in the latter half of the nineteenth, and centuries still to come may study us with the same curious interest as we study our forefathers in the pictures of a Hogarth and those of the masters of the Netherlands.

Mr. Brown shows the sunny side of the human nature and human life of his time, for his works, even when they are inspired by a graver sentiment, are impregnated with a genial and humane spirit. In painting, as in writing, the style is the man, and his love of his kind, and his sympathy with his kind, impress themselves upon his delineations of it. Mr. Brown has based his art upon the fundamental theory of seeking it in real life, but he has never sought it in the spirit of the mere copyist, essaying technical experiments and content with brilliant effects of the brush. To him life is more sacred than a lay figure, and in each of his productions, from the simplest studies to the most elaborate and careful compositions, one may readily perceive that he has fathomed the heart of his material as well as conquered its surface.

This most American of all American figure painters, in spirit, sympathy, and sentiment, is by birth English. He was born at Durham on November 11th, 1831. His talent was precocious, and his ambition was supported by boyish intelligence and industry. At the age of nine years he had acquired sufficient

mastery of the brush to paint portraits of his mother and his sister. His original hope was to educate himself as an artist, independent of academic influences, but while he labored to this end he gradually came to comprehend the value of a trained schooling which should regulate and direct him in paths through which he would otherwise be compelled to blindly grope his way. So, at the age of eighteen, he became a student in the Government Art School, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He next studied at the Edinburgh Royal Academy, and having secured a prize there, in 1853, he ventured to launch his fortunes on the great sea of London. He obtained some commissions for portraits, which he executed satisfactorily, but the adventurous yearning of youth was on him, and he presently packed his paint-box, corded his bachelor's chest, and took ship for America.

He arrived in New York City in the autumn of 1853, and by the diligent exercise of his talent upon such commissions as he could procure he maintained himself during a couple of years of study in the school of the National Academy of Design. By the year 1856 he had tested his strength sufficiently to acquire self-reliance, and so set up in Brooklyn as a portrait painter. In 1860 Mr. George II. Boughton gave up his studio in New York to settle in England, and Mr. Brown took it over. He made his first exhibit at the National Academy in this year; in 1862 he was made an associate, and in 1863 an academician. His genres of local life commanded prompt attention. His pictures passed into the collections of such distinguished amateurs as Mr. Robert Gordon, Mr. J. J. Stuart, Mr. Hurlbut, and Mr. Fairbanks, of New York; and into galleries in other cities, such as Mr. Denis Gale's, in Philadelphia, and Mr. Guild's, of Boston. One of his finest and most significant compositions, "The Longshoreman's Noon," is now in the collection of Mr. William T. Evans of this city, and one of his most touching characterizations, "A Merry Air and a Sad Heart," is that of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke.

ALFRED TRUMBLE.



J. G. Brown



"She stood before him a moment longer, looking him in the face."

JETHRO STARR'S DILEMMA.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

SOMETHING in Jethro Starr's face attracted his house-keeper when he came home at the close of the second day of the case of "The State versus Thomas Masson." The judge went directly to his rooms, and Mrs. Grimsby heard the key click in the lock—an unusual occurrence, as he seldom locked himself in before he was ready to retire for the night. It was a case which had excited a good deal of interest not only in Danvers, but throughout the surrounding country, and the court-house had been packed with an interested crowd. Indeed, it was the first murder case Danvers had had in ten years, and the circumstances surrounding the crime were of such a nature as to excite old and young.

A cooler-headed judge than Jethro Starr never sat on the Bench, and all had remarked his impartiality in the rulings he had been compelled to make during the short progress of the trial. This was the more noticeable because he was well acquainted with the prisoner, and the murdered man had been almost as well known by him.

Danvers was a town in the mining region, and boasted of a

number of quartz mills, besides a dozen large mines which yielded well. Judge Starr had a few shares in the best of the latter, and it was known that he was not on the Bench for the small salary to be derived from that source, but because he inclined to judicial matters and had been bred to the law under a revered father.

"The man was sharper than I imagined," said Jethro Starr aloud as he went to the window and, drawing the curtains aside, looked down into the main street upon some wagons loaded with rocks going to the mills. "They failed to trip him, and if Battersy doesn't do better than that to-morrow I'm afraid his cause is hopeless.

Yes, the shrewdest criminal lawyer in the county, Theodoric Battersy, had failed to trip the main witness for the prosecution, and the judge saw that unless this man's testimony was broken the prisoner at the bar could not escape the halter.

"Shall I send up your tea, judge?" said a voice, and the tall, handsome man at the window, with a last look at the quartz wagons, turned to the door and requested that his tea be sent

up, and with it the evening paper, if it had come round. Then he sat down and ran his fingers through his hair, just beginning to turn gray in places.

"She didn't appear to take much notice of him to-day," he went on. "I can't fathom that woman. Let me see, what did she say in the letter? I guess I can find it."

He unlocked a desk that filled one corner of his bachelor abode, and after a little search took out a package of papers, one of which he selected with a smile. Leaning to the light which he had turned on, he pulled a letter from a small envelope and read:

"I cannot give you the answer you evidently expect. Your offer has been considered from every standpoint, and I have to tell you that I cannot become your wife. Let us continue to be friends, and when we meet, as meet we must, let our hands not refuse to touch in the grasp of true friendship."

"Rather formal, and to some extent sarcastic," muttered Jethro Starr. "Friends? Yes, that is the same old story; but it served her purpose well. No, I don't think she showed her

preference to-day, for I watched her as carefully as I could. She looked at the prisoner several times, and when he turned his eyes toward her she seemed to look away. Still—he took a long breath—"still, I think if he were out of the way this letter might be recalled and I would get another hearing."

At this juncture the tea came, along with the newspaper, and when both had been deposited at the judge's right hand Mrs. Grimsby tripped out of the room, leaving him to his supper and meditations.

"Dick was a bad witness for them. I did not expect to see him meet Battersy so well. He was armed for every thrust, and Theodoric showed that he came out of the fight with drooping plumes. If they don't trip Dick tomorrow the jig will be up with Masson, and then—"

The judge leaned forward to look at a paragraph which had caught his eye, and the last sentence was not completed.

He had sent the remains of his light supper down stairs, and, clad in smoking-gown and slippers, was about to take up the paper for a full perusal, when he heard a knock at the door.

"A lady wants to see you, judge," said the voice of Mrs. Grimsby, who was supposed by some people to have designs on the court.

"A lady?"

"Miss Sessions, I believe it is."

"Hester?" exclaimed Judge Starr, but not loud enough to be heard by the sharp ears at his door. "In the name of heaven what brings her here, with this trial going on?"

Then he told Mrs. Grimsby to show his visitor up, and settling back in his chair he waited for her to cross the threshold. Presently footsteps announced the coming of some one, and the next moment a woman of imposing presence entered the room. She came forward with her deep black eyes fixed on the judge, and when he rose to meet her, extending his hand in greeting, he thought he saw a flush suffuse her face. He had known Hester Sessions for several years. She was a woman of some property, but this was not against her in Danvers, where nearly every one was "well fixed," and had considerable of the good things of this world. But this was not it. The letter he had just taken from the desk in the corner was from Hester. He had proposed, believing that she was just the woman who could make him happy, but the paragraphs he had read aloud to himself had shattered all his hopes, and now she had come to see him while the man supposed to be her lover and his rival was on trial for his life.

Hester Sessions went directly at the business which had called her to the judge's room. Taking the chair to which the judicial hand had waved her, she said in the soft, sweet voice which he had always admired:

"Judge, do you believe Dick Nolan told the truth to-day?"

Jethro Starr fell back and looked at the woman in amazement.

She did not seem to realize to whom she was talking. Such a question put to him under prevailing circumstances was startling, and affected his dignified position.

"I saw you watching the witness all the time, and the cross-examination seemed to be followed by you with a good deal of interest."

"Hester, I cannot discuss these things," he said, firmly but with gentleness. "You seem to forget my position. I am on the Bench, and I cannot listen to you, however much I would like to under other circumstances."

"But you can give me some encouragement. You can say what you think of the testimony of the man who fought Battersy with the spirit of Satan. Will it have very great bearing on the jury as against the prisoner? Will Dick Nolan send him to the gallows?"

Judge Starr arose and waved his hand in a manner which showed how keen was the torture to which he was subjected. All was out now. Hester Sessions had unb burdened to him the secret of her heart. She loved Tom Masson, the prisoner at the bar, and this man was his bitter rival, whom nothing but death could remove.

Hester looked up at the man standing over her, but did not realize the situation. It never occurred to her that all that day Judge Starr had watched her while she listened to the trial, and that he had even wondered if she would not become his wife if the law choked to death the man charged with murdering his partner at the dead hour of that November night.

"Everything rests with you," said Hester, rising at last and facing him. "They tell me that everything depends on your charge to the jury. If you incline to the side of justice, if you hint that the evidence given in by Dick Nolan is unreliable, Tom Masson will be acquitted. If, on the other hand, you tell them that—"

"For God's sake, Hester, don't proceed!" broke in Judge Starr, catching her hands. "I am not the only person occupying this house. Let me lead you to the door, and let us hope that all will come out well in the end."

"But you give me no hope."

"You don't realize what you are doing. I am the judge, and am sworn to do my duty. The jury is the deciding power, and if the testimony is favorable to acquittal he will be acquitted."

She stood before him a moment longer, looking him in the face as she saw it in the glow of his fire, then broke from his hands and fairly dashed from the room. He heard her on the stair, and went to the window to catch a glimpse of her figure as it emerged from the house and lost itself on the street below.

For some time Jethro Starr seemed another person when he went back to his chair. He leaned forward, and with his elbows on his knees covered his face with his hands. By and by Mrs. Grimsby stole up and looked in at the half-open door, but, shaking her head ominously, withdrew without disturbing him.

"I feared so," said the voice of the judge. "She could not conceal it, and she comes to me asking me to interfere from the bench in *his* behalf. She watched Nolan like a hawk—I saw that—and she wants me to brush aside the strongest evidence the State relies on and help to acquit the man who came between us."

A strange laugh came through the hands that shaded his face, and when he looked up there was a singular light in the eyes of Jethro Starr.

The life of Tom Masson, his rival, was in his hands. There was no doubt of this, for he had seen the effect of the evidence on the jury, and knew that it would not take much in the coming charge to make that testimony gospel truth in their minds. And such was the confidence of the twelve men in him that a word or two on the other side would destroy Dick Nolan's testimony, and perhaps save the neck in jeopardy.

And what was Nolan's testimony? He had seen Tom Masson coming from the dead man's house between eleven and twelve o'clock the night of the crime. The prisoner denied this; said he had been there earlier in the evening; that he and his partner had quarreled, but not seriously, and that he had no reason to take his life. Still, there had been a murder, and the partner was the victim.

But for Dick Nolan's testimony, corroborated in a certain manner by two other men, the man on trial for his life would not stand in the shadow of the gallows; but, as it was, the chances were against him, and decidedly so if the judge's charge was not in his favor.

While Jethro Starr sat in the arm-chair thinking of the visit of the woman he loved and of her startling revelation, Hester herself had made her way to the office of Theodoric Battersy, Tom's lawyer. The shrewd attorney met her with his usual imperturbable look and did not pay much attention to her words until she said:

"I have just come from Judge Starr's. I asked him what he thought of Dick Nolan's testimony—"

"You did?" and Battersy turned his face to Hester's and gave her a look of astonishment. "Woman, do you want to fasten the rope round my client's neck? Judge Starr is a man of strong ideas, and he thinks it almost a capital crime to interfere in any way with a judge while on the bench."

Hester turned pale.

"Well, what did he say?" asked Battersy.

"He did not give me any satisfaction. He said I should not have called."

"That's right. What if the prosecution gets hold of your visit to Judge Starr?"

For the first time the full import of her act rushed across Hester's mind. She fell back and looked at the stern face of Battersy until that keen lawyer thought he would have a swooning woman on his hands, a very unpleasant predicament, as he had never handled a case of that nature.

"But I thought he would tell me," put in Hester, swallowing hard. "I thought I could go to Judge Starr because we were friends."

The wily Battersy, who was an observant man, smiled and ran his fingers through his auburn beard.

"You banked on your close acquaintance of other days, did you?" he said, almost heartlessly. "You thought that perhaps he would tell you on that account?"

"No matter what I thought," said Hester. "I don't think my visit injured Tom's chances. It may not have been just the thing to do, but it is done and now there can be no help for it. But don't you think Dick Nolan's testimony was all false?"

"That's a pretty bold question," was the reply. "You didn't put it that strong to Judge Starr, did you?"

"Not quite," smiled Hester.

"I think Dick Nolan lied. There, is that plain enough for you?"

"But can't you prove it?"

"We can't always do what we would like," said Battersy. "You saw how I handled him to-day? Well, I shall get another whack at him to-morrow; but I will say that I never saw a witness just like him."

Hester understood what these words meant. Battersy had never encountered a man like Dick Nolan. He had been met at all points, and the prevailing opinion was that the witness had carried off the laurels.

In every way Dick Nolan had acquitted himself well in court. He had not been tripped once, and while he had never been known for his veracity, the prosecution had utterly failed to break the force of his testimony.

Battersy saw Hester withdraw with feelings of relief. He watched the well-rounded figure of Tom Masson's sweetheart go down the outside stairway and, left to himself, he went back to his work.

"So she played her card as she thought best? She went to the judge, did she?" he laughed. "Well, if she had stayed away, or had even given Starr hopes, she might have been better received, but, as it was, she got the rebuff. She might be Mrs. Judge Starr to-day and not the sweetheart of a man in the shadow of the cord; but that was her choice, and isn't my look-out?"

Mrs. Grimsby said afterward that a light burned nearly all that night in Judge Starr's room. She was up and down with a sick child, and sometimes she thought she heard the judge walking the floor, something unusual with him; but she didn't think much about it when she reflected that he had a great case on his mind and that the next day he was expected to charge the jury.

The concluding day of the trial of Tom Masson for murder was a repetition of preceding ones. The place occupied by Hester Sessions, however, was vacant, the woman absenting herself from the scene, as if she believed that Tom was doomed and she did not feel strong enough to witness the last scenes of the exciting trial.

Battersy, with all his bullying and acumen in cross-examination, failed to destroy the effect of Dick Nolan's testimony. Judge Starr, paler than usual, showing the effects of a sleepless night, watched the old lawyer's last effort in behalf of his client and then settled back for his own part in the play. His voice, a little tremulous at first, grew stronger as he proceeded. It was not long before he had the undivided attention of the crowded court-room, and as he proceeded, keeping close to the law of the case, the jury became deeply interested and Battersy opened his eyes.

"Gods! he is talking for Masson," said the old lawyer under his breath. "He is pleading Tom's case better than I did. I wish Hester could hear him. What's got into the judge? He never showed his feelings like this since I began to practice before him."

Dick Nolan, who had remained "to see the thing through," as he said, leaned toward the prosecutor and said something which caused that brilliant young man to shake his head, but did not take his eyes from Judge Starr.

"They'll arrest me next if he keeps on at that rate," said Nolan. "I'm cursed if he doesn't think I'm the prisoner at the bar and not the principal witness for the State!"

The charge lasted nearly one hour, and never before in the history of the courts of Danvers had the law and the evidence been so dissected from the bench. When Judge Starr got through it was seen what the verdict of the jury would be. There could be but one verdict after such a charge. It was not so much favorable to the prisoner as an arraignment of Dick Nolan and those who had corroborated him. In this respect it was scathing.

Those who saw Jethro Starr descend from his bench and put on his overcoat noticed that his hands trembled and that his lips were almost bloodless. He was not spoken to when he passed from the court-house, and, telling the sheriff to notify him when the jury came in, he passed out into the shades of evening and vanished.

The jury came in after an hour's deliberation with a verdict of acquittal. This was heralded all over Danvers, and the judge, after dismissing the case and promising to take up the next one in the morning, went back home again.

He stood at his window and for a few moments looked down upon the groups that discussed everywhere the verdict, and knew that all attributed it to his charge.

Mrs. Grimsby placed his tea-tray on the table and left him still at the window.

And by—it was nearly two hours after the trial—a woman came to Mrs. Grimsby's door

and, without knocking, passed in and ran upstairs.

It was Hester Sessions.

"I must thank him, no matter what he says," she said. "I must tell Judge Starr that I am his friend as long as I live, for Tom and I owe him a life. He did it. It was his charge; they all say that. God bless the man who turned the tide in favor of life and love!"

Hester was at the door of the judge's room and the following moment had opened it.

The light of the fire in the grate showered Jethro Starr's face, and Hester, coming forward, stopped and looked at it with a sudden stare.

"You will hear me this time, judge," she said. "I couldn't remain away after what has happened. I owe you the deepest gratitude—the fullest love of the woman who will soon be the wife of the man your courage saved. I—"

The man in the arm-chair had not moved. There was no sign that he had even heard her.

Hester stooped over the face and looked; then, with a cry, fell back and clutched the table.

There was no mistaking the meaning of that white countenance and the staring look into the fire. She had seen the dead before, but never a judge dead in his arm-chair.

Mrs. Grimsby came up and, looking at Hester, said, calmly:

"I knew something was up when I heard him walking the floor last night. He acted just like a man who halted between two opinions. He seemed to be in a dilemma of some kind, and, poor man, I guess he was."

Hester said nothing.

Jethro Starr had fought all alone, and like a strong man, the battle of life and love. He knew that when he leaned to the side of mercy and innocence he was losing forever all hopes of marrying the only woman he ever worshiped, and with the life of his bitter rival in his hands he broke the woof of fate which bound him, and having given him back to Hester Sessions, he went home to die in his chair alone, and to carry into the "dark beyond" the true history of his terrible dilemma.

WALT WHITMAN.

I.
FOND singer of "My Captain," and the dooryard
 lilac flower,
In plaintive measures moulded on the nation's dark-
 est hour;
Thy name clasped close with Lincoln's must be dear
 to chant and rhyme,
Until spring forgets its blossoms, and the birds their
 pairing-time.

II.
Prairies broad, things autochthonic, and the common
 leaves of grass,
Small and large alike in value, honeyed, tender, sad,
 or crass,
Stirred the lyre shaped large to freedom and to
 sturdy, untaught power;
Health it breathes and robust vigor, and it strikes
 the present hour.

III.
Nothing falls unprised of wonder in the spectrum
 of this muse—
Singing jocundly of sunlight, shadows, too, it well
 can choose;
Its vision beams full-orbed upon the soul and in
 most thoughts of things,
And who has an ear to listen hears its deep Aeolian
 strings.

IV.
There's a rhythm of the drum-tap, and a chant for
 poor or brave;
Here a touch of sturdy manhood, here a grace all
 smooth and suave;
Not a note, if struck by nature, does it finically flout;
If great Pan the chord accepts the post will not rule
 it out.

V.
Now, when springtime's soft caresses bring once more
 the lilac's bloom,
Garlands fragrant with its odor shall be laid upon a
 tomb
Where civilian and soldier may for ages pause and
 pass,
And where the epitaph of nature will be simply
 leaves of grass. JOEL BENTON.

THE BEHRING SEA CONTRO- VERSY.

THE controversy as to the jurisdictional rights of the United States in Behring Sea is still unsettled. When a treaty of arbitration was negotiated and a *modus vivendi* established it was confidently expected that this much-vexed question was in process of friendly settlement. Pending the making of the treaty, its ratification by the Senate, the hearing of the question by the commission and the decision of the commission, it was thought as a matter of course that the *status quo* would not be disturbed, and the pelagic seal-fishing by Canadian and other poaching vessels would be restrained. That Lord Salisbury should see fit to wish to alter this *status quo* must be due either to Canadian influence or his desire to strengthen his party in the elections that are to be held when Parlia-

ment dissolves—in other words, striking an attitude for home effect. We all remember with what rude and unreasonable fury old Dr. Samuel Johnson railed against everything American more than a hundred years ago. England to-day is filled with people who feel just in the same way. In every crisis in American affairs they have proved their hatred. Lord Salisbury knows this, and it is to this prejudice, this hatred, that he is now playing.

Increased probability was lent to this view of the situation by the attitude of the Tory press in England. So soon as Mr. Harrison had expressed surprise at Lord Salisbury's declination to renew the *modus vivendi* and had declared that the renewal was the very least that the United States could accept, the Tory papers at once announced that the President of the United States could not be serious in the stand that he took, but that he was only beating drums for political effect in the Presidential campaign of this year. In other words, they pretended to discover in Mr. Harrison's action Lord Salisbury's motives. That this view is correct is further shown by Lord Salisbury's recent note that if the treaty be ratified he will assent to a renewal of the *modus*.

But the Tory press, and the English premier for that matter, made a mistake in the first instance. In a question involving the relations of the United States to any foreign government there may be many differences of opinion among public men as to methods of procedure, but there are no differences whatever in the support of the policy finally adopted, and Republicans and Democrats will as one man sustain the President in his announcement that if the British government shall adhere to its "refusal to unite with us in prompt and effective measures to stop pelagic sealing, and shall insist upon free sealing for British subjects, the question, as it affects this government, is no longer one of pecuniary loss

or gain, but one of honor and self-respect." The debates in the Senate on this question show that the leading men of both parties warmly support the President. And ninety-five out of every hundred newspapers in the United States are almost unqualified in their approval of the President's manly firmness. Of course there are mugwump journals that take a different view. That was to be expected; that is what they are for.

This is not a mere matter of seals; it is a matter of national honor. When the United States acquired Alaska and the islands of Behring Sea by purchase from the Russians, this country acquired certain jurisdictional rights and assumed certain responsibilities. It is in defense of these that the contention is made, quite as much as that poachers shall not kill the mother seals while in deep water. The seals stay on the mainland during the winter, and in the early spring cross over to the islands belonging to the United States. There is no contention that the Americans have not exclusive rights within a marine league of the mainland and an equal distance from each of the islands. The question at issue is whether while crossing from mainland to islands in the spring and back again in the fall, and while in deep water, the Canadians have or have not the right to kill as many seals as they can. Such is the question to be arbitrated. But the killing of seals in deep water, especially in the spring when the females are heavy with young, simply means the extermination of the fur seal. What sense, therefore, would there be in settling a dispute as to property by arbitration, and permitting the property to be destroyed while the litigation was in progress? This was pointed out when the sealing season was closed last year, and it was acquiesced in by Lord Salisbury. The reasons that appeared good to him last year seem not now to be satisfactory, and hence the change of front.

into the Astor family, and who persisted in the desire when Mrs. Astor signified her opposition to the scheme, was sacrificed promptly on all sides, and her social career came to an abrupt and unpleasant termination.

Power is sweet, and social power is no exception to the rule. In view of what I have said it is scarcely to be wondered at that men and women and families maneuver for social leadership, and when they have once obtained it will do everything possible to hold it. They will even fight for its possession, and fight long and bitterly, as Mrs. Astor has done. They will double up their entertainments and redouble their exertions. They will spend money like water, and during the winter season will prosecute a round of social duties entailing physical and mental exertion that is exhausting and enervating in the extreme.

Mrs. Astor first came forward prominently in New York society about 1873. The entertainments that she gave at that time were given chiefly for the purpose of introducing her daughters. Her eldest daughter, who became Mrs. J. J. Van Alen, is now dead. Her other daughters are Mrs. J. R. Roosevelt, usually known as Mrs. Rosy Roosevelt; Mrs. Coleman Drayton, and Mrs. Orme Wilson. About 1875 Mrs. August Belmont retired from leadership in New York society, and Mrs. William Astor, who had been identified with the Patriarchs from the starting of that organization, enlarged the scope of her entertainments, and as far as possible took Mrs. August Belmont's place.

It wasn't possible for anybody to replace Mrs. Belmont entirely, for the reason that when the Patriarch balls were started a new set of social conditions was put into operation. The Patriarch balls were given by twenty-five prominent men in New York, and as they became the fashionable events of the winter season, they not only divided attention with such great private entertainments as Mrs. Belmont or any social leader could give, but to a great extent became more important than any private entertainment could be. With Patriarch balls in full swing, it may be seen at once that New York society was not so dependent on Mr. Belmont, or on any other single leader, as had previously been the case, and a great deal of the Belmont power disappeared, and with it disappeared the possibility that Mr. and Mrs. Belmont would have any successors to wield, the power that they had wielded. The autocratic feature in New York society was over and done with.

There was a great deal of power left, of course, for Mrs. Astor to secure, and she promptly secured it. The fact that she figured prominently in the management of the Patriarch balls through association with Ward McAllister, naturally strengthened her hands. During the fifteen years that have elapsed since that time the conditions of social life have changed still further, and the accumulation of large private fortunes has made it possible for other men and women to give great entertainments and take prominent places in society. But, allowing for the influence of the Patriarch balls, Mrs. Astor's leadership of New York society during all this time has been all but absolute.

Everybody is acquainted with the attempt that has been made within the past two or three years by Mrs. William Waldorf Astor to wrest this leadership from her, and everybody knows how little success has attended those efforts. I don't know whether young Mrs. Astor's attempts were dictated altogether by a desire for social prominence or were simply made in response to the antagonistic feeling that seems to exist between the two branches of the Astor family. Perhaps it is a little of both. Young Mrs. Astor is socially ambitious, and the Astor feud has for a number of years been more or less active. It came suddenly to the front on the occasion of the Washington Centennial ball. Ward McAllister, in making up the list of women who were to dance in the *quadrille d'honneur* included the name of Mrs. William Astor and left out the name of Mrs. "Willie" Astor. He did this because Mrs. William Astor, he stated, was a Schermerhorn, and a descendant of a Revolutionary family, and therefore entitled to receive invitations to Mrs. Astor's house, and the ambitious maiden who desired to marry

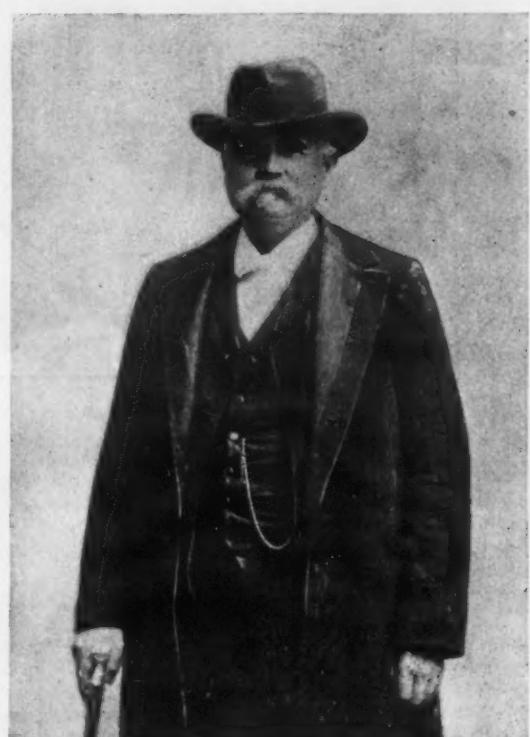
recalling the Washington ball a hundred years previously, while Mrs. Willie Astor had no Revolutionary antecedents that anybody knew anything about. Ward McAllister left out the name of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish for similar reasons, and therewith all the Centennial committee, who were identified with the directory of the Illinois Central Railroad, opened fire on Mrs. William Astor and Ward McAllister, and the two women of the Astor family found themselves facing each other in opposition. So great publicity was given to the facts of the matter that William Waldorf Astor and Stuyvesant Fish did not dare put Mrs. William Astor to one side and substitute their wives, and in consequence the famous *quadrille d'honneur* was practically shelved. This would have been a victory for the Willie Astor and Stuyvesant Fish faction, had it not been that the Centennial ball with Mrs. William Astor and Ward McAllister out of it, and conducted under amended conditions, turned out to be a failure of the most disastrous and disgraceful dimensions.

Winter before last Mrs. William Waldorf Astor made another attempt to secure a leading position in society by organizing, in company with some of her immediate friends, a series of small and exclusive dances that came to be known as the balls of "The Howling Swells." They were given at Sherry's, in Fifth Avenue, but did not prove particularly successful. The death of John Jacob Astor put Mrs. William Waldorf Astor in mourning, and it was then taken for granted that the war for social leadership inside the Astor family would come to an end until at least the period of mourning was over. That society people underestimated the bitterness of the strife was made clear later on, when Mrs. William Waldorf Astor put forward a claim that she was the chief woman in the Astor family by having her cards printed simply Mrs. Astor. The details of that story are too familiar to need recapitulation now. The aggressiveness of the proceeding, however, spurred the older Mrs. Astor into exerting herself and doing everything she could in the way of establishing the leadership that she believes rightly belongs to her.

In speaking of the qualifications for the leadership of society possessed by Mrs. Astor, Ward McAllister says that she has "good judgment and a great power of analysis of men and women, a thorough knowledge of all their surroundings, a just appreciation of the rights of others, and, coming herself from an old Colonial family, a good appreciation of the value of ancestry; always keeping it near her, and bringing it in, in all social matters, but also understanding the importance and power of the new element; recognizing it, and fairly and generously awarding to it a prominent place. Having a great fortune, she had the ability to conceive and carry out social projects; and this she has done always with success, ever ready to recognize ability and worth, and give to it advice and assistance. Above all things, a true and loyal friend in sunshine or shower."

This is a more brilliant way of saying what I have already said, that social leadership requires a great house, the ability and the willingness to give great entertainments, and the grace and tact to conduct those entertainments in such a way as to insure a delightful social atmosphere.

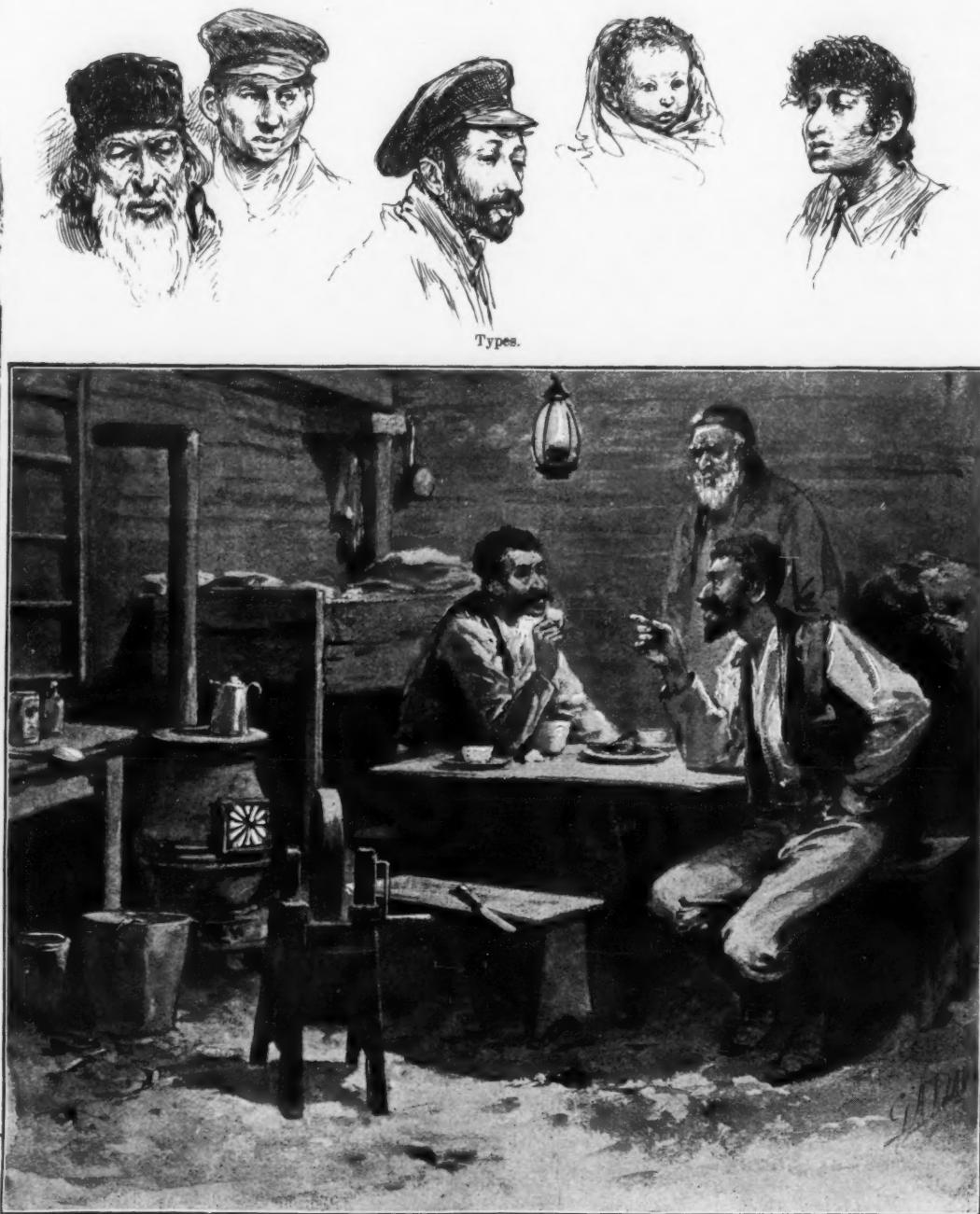
YELLOWPLUSH.



HON. ROGER Q. MILLS, U. S. SENATOR-ELECT FROM TEXAS,
AS HE APPEARS ON "THE AVENUE," WASHINGTON.



Making a clearing for a future home.



Types.



New arrivals.



Interior of the temporary quarters



A permanent home.



School—Learning the English language.



CITY HALL PLAZA, PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY MRS. ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.

"A NEW PHILADELPHIA."

FROM external appearances and to the casual observer, Philadelphia is a homely city. Its people have always been more intent upon building up homes than in designing palaces. Philadelphia is less a city of sharp contrasts than any other city of its size in the world; in fact, all has been sacrificed to a sense of unostentation, even amongst its richest class. This Quaker simplicity, however, has made the city a series of narrow highways, most indifferently lighted, shockingly paved, and consequently worse as to a sanitary condition, in many respects, than even Chicago, which is celebrated the world over for her dirty streets.

There is now abroad in the Quaker City the cry, "A New Philadelphia!" This "shibboleth" has a deeper significance than most people, even within the city's boundaries, fairly and

clearly understand. It calls not only for better and purer water, better-paved roadways, cheaper gas, and more electric lighting, but for a general ornamentation and beautifying of the whole city. "A New Philadelphia" means, beyond that, greater facilities for the commerce of its port, "stop-over" privileges on all through railway tickets from the West—a concession which the Board of Trade only secured after a prolonged fight—and at last, by the recent Philadelphia and Reading consolidation, through communication with Buffalo and the great lakes. The Quaker City moves by degrees only, but there is a great awakening among her people, and the results, while slow in coming, will more than realize the expectations of her residents.

Philadelphia is the one other Eastern city which has in successful operation a "bus line." The City Hall Plaza, which our illustration shows, brings in these omnibuses, which, it must be admitted, are a clumsy imitation of those in Paris. It takes three good horses to draw them, and even then, over a rough

stone pavement, they have all they can do. The vehicles are painted a light yellow and are double-decked, with a canopy top. They are splendidly patronized, and the line has been a paying investment since its inception.

The north side of the City Hall is the one pictured in our pages. Here you come in for a view of the Broad Street station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, now undergoing an enlargement which will double its capacity. The famous City Hall or "Public Buildings," as it has been generally known in Philadelphia, is now fast approaching a final completion. The beauties of its florid renaissance architecture, its four hanging stairways of solid granite, are already celebrated; now the great tower, with its delicate iron framework, is growing steadily upwards to receive the great clock and the statue of William Penn. On one side of the main entrance stands the equestrian statue of Major-General Reynolds, one of Pennsylvania's most gallant sons, who fell at Gettysburg; on the same half of the Plaza, but opposite

the railroad station, will stand the statue of General George B. McClellan. It is the intention to ornament this, the front face of the hall, by the erection of monuments and statues of distinguished Pennsylvanians. Immediately opposite this main entrance will be the head of the proposed new boulevard to the Green Street entrance of Fairmount Park. Here is another great movement which the cry of "A New Philadelphia" has brought about. The proposition to place the boulevard upon the city's plan is now before the City Council, with every prospect of adoption. The design is to cut a boulevard diagonally across the city at an estimated cost of six millions of dollars. The Quaker once aroused does not do things by halves.

The City Hall, not yet finished nor completely furnished throughout, has cost the city something like thirteen millions, and will probably

cost fifteen or over before the final touches are completed. All this money—for the hall—has been raised by an annual appropriation out of the general tax fund, averaging about \$800,000 per annum. And, as municipal politics go in these venal days, the building fund has been honestly and discreetly administered.

When the boulevard becomes *un fait accompli*, with the noble proportions of the Masonic Temple on the opposite corner; the graceful fret-work and spires and minarets of the Broad Street station; the monuments, statues, etc., to grace the front of the hall; the tower with the Penn statue 500 and odd feet from the pavement; Broad Street paved with asphaltum, "A New Philadelphia" will indeed have been born to its citizens. The City Hall Plaza will then be a spot in their city that Philadelphians may challenge their sister cities to duplicate.

THE COMING PHYSICAL TRANSFORMATION OF THE EARTH.

A SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF THE MILLENNIUM.

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III.—(Concluded.)

HOW PARADISE WAS LOST. (SCIENTIFICALLY.)

In the eighth chapter [of Genesis] we read that "God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged. The fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained." In all the experience of man since that time, the *wind has always come before the rain*; but in this record, strangely enough, things were reversed, and the wind came after the rain. Again, I say, no matter who wrote this book, the record is true: for, under such a watery canopy of vapors, as we now know them, because of the even temperature and steady barometer, and no rains. But when that canopy was broken up and fell, immediately the direct action of the sun's heat and light began to operate as at present, fluctuations of temperature immediately occurred, columns of heated air arose, other currents of air rushed in to fill the place thus made vacant, and a "wind" was the *scientific result "after the rain."*

After Noah's sacrifice following his disembarkation, we read that God specially announced to him, "I will not again curse the ground for man's sake; . . . neither will I again smite any more everything living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." I ask the reader to suppose that an angel from heaven came down to the city of New York and called a great convocation of leading men to hear a special message from the Almighty. The convocation assembles, all ears are opened, all eyes are atten, the wonderful message is given: "Seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night shall not cease." Would we not be struck dumb with amazement as to the meaning of such an announcement? "Who expects them to cease?" "Have they not always been? Why should they not continue to be?" Manifestly God told Noah something which he needed to know. Why did he need it? Let us see. Under the watery roof there were no such changes of temperature or seasons. There was no special seed-time and harvest. The climate was one and the same thing all the year round. There was no greatly marked distinction between cold and heat; the climate was equable. There was no summer and winter; it was perpetual summer. There was no day and night, as at present, but a "greater light" and a "lesser light." *This is scientific law.* But the watery roof breaks up and falls. The direct action of the sun is at once felt, cold and heat become apparent, seasons begin, and *for the first time in the history of the world a dark night occurs.* Beyond all dispute, when Noah and his sons found themselves for the first time in darkness, consternation reigned in their minds. What could it mean? Was the earth altogether unsettled? What could now be regarded as stable? Everything was changed, everything was altered, nothing the same; and these sudden changes, strange alterations of temperature, this inexplicable disappearance of the light of the sun, this strange appearance of the clear sun itself in a clear sky—what did it mean? Was it going to last? Now we can see the reason for the announcement of the Almighty, and the need of assurance that this strange order of things, witnessed for the first time,

would not further change, but should continue.

As a token of this covenant God said, "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: and I will remember my covenant which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth. And God said unto Noah, This is the token of the covenant, which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth." As in the case just discussed, this language could have no meaning if a rainbow had been seen every time the sun shone during the storm. But by the demands of our theory there had been no storms, there had been no rains, there had been no direct sunlight, and consequently the rainbow had never been seen. Further, there had been no such thing as a floating cloud, as we see them at present. Now the cloud appears, the rain falls, the sunlight breaking through brings the bow of promise in the heavens, and as Noah gazes in wonderment on this beautiful appearance, the assurance is given, "I do set my bow in the heavens." And this bow was a scientific testimony that there were no more waters overhead to come down, for the direct sunlight was shining to form the bow, and therefore, scientifically, there could not be another flood to destroy all flesh. I note briefly that in the Chaldean myths Chronos (the sun as a deity) gave warning of the deluge. Plato says the Egyptian priests told Solon that the myth of Phaeton, son of Helios, whose coursers ran away with the chariot of the sun, really meant a decline of the bodies moving round the earth. And in the brick libraries of Nineveh we find the record that "from afar approaching the great goddess raised the great zones (sun and moon) which Anu had made for the glory of the gods." This at the close of the deluge.

And Noah began to be an husbandman, and planted a vineyard." Why began to be an husbandman? Because he had never been an husbandman, as the word has been understood ever since the flood. He had cultivated the ground, but manifestly under the slow action of the chemical rays of the sun, as still hindered by antediluvian vapors, the work of the husbandman was very much easier than it has been since. But now he "began to be one" in the modern sense of the word. Planting the vineyard, squeezing the grapes, he drinks of the juice and is drunken. What does this mean? An immense amount of abuse has been heaped upon good old Noah by mistaken advocates of prohibition. Noah was not to blame, and manifestly God did not blame him. He awakes from his drunken sleep, and immediately speaks as a prophet of God in a solemn curse upon his sinning offspring. Never in antediluvian times, through six long centuries, had he known grape juice to ferment. The overhanging waters had shut out so much of the sun's decomposing rays that life was long and decay very slow, as evinced beyond dispute by the ages of the patriarchs. But now the direct sunlight acts upon his grape juice, quickly ferments it, and we have the *first case of drunkenness* the world had ever known.

But one other thing remains, and that is the

immediate falling off in the ages of the patriarchs. In five hundred years the ages fell to one hundred and seventy-five, a period which is even yet occasionally reached. For this great change a scientific cause must be found. No matter how men live now, no such longevity is possible. Decay is too rapid, death too sure. Mistaken searchers for causes have lighted upon the change to a meat diet after the flood, and decided that vegetarianism is the rule for long life. But experience directly proves the contrary. The nine hundred years lived before the flood, which were lived under the overhanging canopy of watery vapors, which shut out so much of the sun's decomposing rays, kept the temperature regular, and prevented those fluctuations of the barometric pressure which are so fatal to the nervous vitality of the race,* are not at all incredible when viewed in the light of this theory. The food was vegetarian, because the life was slow and the processes gentle, not calling for any stimulant; but immediately after the deluge the clear sky and unclouded sun started the currents of the body as never before, until with intense activity they rushed through the veins and arteries of the system, calling on the nerve force for outlays and expenditures which it had never known before. These expenditures must be rapidly made up—hence the call for stimulating food; and so we read that meat was ordered to be eaten. But the fire burning with greater intensity, of course, consumes the material more quickly, and so at once the span of life is shortened, and in a few ages drops down to that which has ever since obtained. To the query, Why has not the life length shortened in four thousand years? the answer is ready. Other things being equal, and reasonable care being observed, life length depends upon environment. If the environment remain the same the life span is not changed. There is not the slightest evidence to show that the original life principle deteriorates from age to age. On the contrary, facts prove that with increased care the rate of life lengthens. Modern athletes cannot wear the armor of the knights of the Middle Ages. The environment has been the same since the flood, and therefore the life span has not altered. Finally, the gradual reduction in the lives of Noah's sons and grandsons is accounted for, not by the supposition that they had a stronger vitality, so to speak, but from the plain fact that *all* the vapors did not fall as rain in the flood. The record distinctly declares "the windows were stopped and the rain was restrained." If restrained, there was some left, and these remaining vapors after the flood showed as "pillars of Hercules" and the "arching serpent" in the north, in Job's time and later. And the scientific effect, until they completely passed away in polar snows, was to obstruct *some* of the actinic rays, keep climate more equable, and make life longer than at present. By the time they had all fallen in the polar regions the life span had shortened to the present length, the environment then having become settled. It will be found that this period coincides with that when the arching vapors were last seen in the north. Job lived long, and he saw them. Jacob lived to be one hundred and thirty, and Moses one hundred and twenty. They are both spoken of as remarkable exceptions. And just about that time all reference to "serpents in the heavens" ceases in the monuments. What can be more significant?

In Ezekiel xxviii., 12-19. occurs a most remarkable passage: "Son of man, take up a lamentation upon the king of Tyrus, and say unto him, Thus saith the Lord God: thou seal-est up the sum, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty. Thou hast been in Eden the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold: the workmanship of thy tabrets and thy pipes was prepared in thee in the day that thou wast created. Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so; thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee. . . . I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God: and I will destroy thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire."

It is generally agreed that the real person addressed in this extraordinary utterance can be no other than Satan himself. But he is distinct-

* See the strange effects produced upon those who work beneath the water in laying foundations for bridges—the change from ordinary to excessive atmospheric pressure often resulting in death, or in strange nervous diseases. For some reason fluctuations of pressure constitute one of the greatest enemies of life.

ly described as having dwelt in the earth (for beyond all dispute "Eden" was in the earth) when the precious stones and metals were in a state of fusion. Now we know scientifically that this was once the case—the earth was an incandescent globe. But here we are met with the statement of the Scriptures that this condition of things once existed in "Eden." It is easy to see that this fiery temperature antedated the creation of life on the planet. But we cannot fail to notice that Satan *then* was the ruler. I call special attention to the phrase "covering cherub," twice repeated. The word cherub means "celestial." So we can see that Satan is called the celestial, or heavenly, covering.

Let us carefully collect these facts: Satan, called the celestial covering; at a time when the earth was in a state of fusion; the earth being called Eden; and in the following verses it is declared that he (or the covering) should be destroyed by a fire breaking forth from its very "midst"; that it should be cast down to the earth; and that it shall never be any more. Certainly all this looks like a remarkable figurative description of the beautiful, vaporous roof or "covering" that encompassed the earth in the Edenic age, and which was a perfect covering from decay and death until, by its thinning out at the central belt, it allowed corruption or iniquity to be found in it; and was cast down and destroyed by the fire of the sun breaking through its "midst" or middle zone, with the certain scientific assurance that it never could be any more. It is a scientific fact that the incoming of physical death was connected with this "covering," and it is a fact of Scripture that Satan "has the power of death." And again, we are told that "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death"; Satan is "the prince of the powers of the air" and "the prince of this world." And he is to be finally "cast into the lake of fire"; and then God will "create all things new." I am ready to admit that this seems to tie in, as a moral factor, quite closely to physical causes. So be it. If it be truth we ought to know it. *Certain I am that for every effect a positive cause must antecedently exist.* I could enlarge at length on these wonderful passages, but space forbids. I remark only that, of course, I do not believe Satan to be merely a natural force or agent; but certainly the death-dealing power in the world is inseparably connected with the "powers of the air"; that is, speaking scientifically, with the atmospheric conditions, temperature, and pressure; and with the direct action of the sun's rays with their powerful actinism or chemical action, now no longer shut off by any roof or "covering." And it is equally and scientifically certain that these death-dealing powers will continue to act until some sort of "covering" again shuts out the decomposing rays of the sun, and thus restores the balance which was lost with the Eden world. Now "Eden" means PARADISE or land of pleasure and rest. There was a scientific cause for PARADISE LOST. So there must be a scientific cause for PARADISE REGAINED. *But as it was lost through a loss of heat and the effects of heat, so it must be regained by an addition of heat and the effects thereof.* But Scripture says that a mighty addition of heat is soon to be sent upon the earth by vast meteoric downfalls. If this be so then the effects must follow, and Paradise be scientifically regained. We turn now to consider how the world is soon to be remade.

R. Kelso Carter

THE JEWISH COLONY AT WOODBINE, NEW JERSEY.

THE settlement at Woodbine, N. J., which was started on the seventeenth of last August, is the first settlement of the Russian refugees started by the Baron Hirsch fund. The location was selected because some other colonies, started at Vineland about ten years ago, have been very successful in the raising of small fruits and in truck-farming. It is in Cape May County, fifty-six miles from Philadelphia, twenty-three from Cape May, and eight from Sea Island City. Visitors reach the place by way of Camden, on the West Jersey Railroad. They stop at a solitary station without habitation in sight. After walking some distance they reach a pine forest. Here the land is being cleared and evidences of habitation appear.

There are about sixty-three families in the settlement, averaging five persons to each family; these are from various parts of Russia—the Baltic provinces, Bessarabia in southern Russia, and

* Because loss of motion and the decline and fall of the covering roof was wholly due to a loss of heat. While sufficient heat remained the matter was repelled. As the heat slackened it declined.

other places in the western and southwestern parts of the empire. All of them have belonged to the farming class in Russia and all are refugees from Russian tyranny. As the best farmers are the South Russians, these emigrants are likely to be very successful in this country.

Before going to Woodbine they spent some time in New York City. Their Russian costume has in most cases been laid aside. Some of the older men, however, cling to the astrakhan cap and the long coat with astrakhan trimmings. The Hebrew cast of countenance is not so marked as might be expected. The faces are broad and full. The hair of the young girls is cut straight across the forehead. The children are noticeably bright and active. A public school was started at the time the colony was started. Since last October a night school has been in progress. The branch chiefly taught is the English language.

Each farmer receives from the Baron Hirsch fund thirty acres of land, ten acres of which is cleared and plowed and prepared for planting; a house, a barn and out-houses, a cow, some chickens, and all the necessary implements, plants, and seeds. The value of this property is about twelve hundred dollars, of which some of the settlers have repaid one hundred or two hundred dollars. The rest is to be paid in fifteen years. Before the families of the settlers move to Woodbine the men go ahead, build the houses, and get everything in readiness. During this interval they live in rude structures that are afterward used as barns. A small stove, a table made of a barrel and board, and rough board bunks on the ground and in the loft are the only furniture. The diet of the men is mostly of coffee and black bread. The houses constructed cost about four hundred and fifty dollars. They contain five rooms—a kitchen and a combination dining-room, sitting-room, and parlor. There are three large rooms and one very small one up-stairs.

Since the colony was started it has cleared 600 acres of farm land, 100 acres of roads, and 100 acres of town land. The whole tract is about 5,200 acres, of which 800 are laid out for a town. A factory has been erected 40 by 60 feet, and three stories high. It will be used by persons having large families who need employment while the farms are being made ready for cultivation. The work done in it will be turning, basket-making, shirt-making, etc. There are three shoe factories near by.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

ABOUT DEVELOPMENT.

It seems to be very difficult, in giving photographic information, to strike a balance between being too technical and what might be called too "alphabetical." Having been somewhat severely criticised for the former error, and in order to avoid being caught again on that horn of the dilemma, I will risk the chances, in this article, of too great simplicity in my explanations.

The sensitive plate, having received an exposure for landscape, which, it need hardly be said, differs widely from that for interiors, portraits, or copying, is taken into the dark-room, and there, in the developer, becomes a negative. Until then it is simply an exposed plate. Do not have the room so very dark that you cannot readily control development and see which bottle or dish you are using, but begin work with your back to the light, if possible, and until the image is well defined. You can at that point examine it through transmitted light, but must do so quickly and not near the light. I can see to read ordinary newspaper print at the end of my dark-room, but strongly advise, with very sensitive plates, such as orthochromatic ones, to keep the dish covered, and examine every few minutes rather than develop, even by red light, with it uncovered. It does no harm to be careful, especially in beginning camera work, and the habit is a good one to form.

There is some doubt as to the necessity of flowing the plate with water before development, but, as a general thing, I believe in so doing. Less brushing off what is very often imaginary dust and substituting gentle swabbing with absorbent cotton or the palm of the hand under running water is better. In fact, use plenty of water, rinse the plate between every change in development, and wash thoroughly after fixing, but look out for changes of temperature, keeping the solutions and washing water at about the same point. Begin development by taking, if you use pyro (which is best for beginners as being more easily controlled), a freshly-made solution of the same, one ounce to twelve of water. Let it dissolve and then filter through cotton. Have solutions always ready of carbonate of soda and sulphite of soda, the former is the alkali and the latter is simply to keep the negative clear. Make the carbonate register twenty degrees by hydrom-

eter and the sulphite sixty. This is more accurate than weighing the soda. I nearly fill two large graduates with water, and put in as much soda in each case as is possible. The hydrometer, after floating a short time, will allow you to note the degree, and you can readily see whether to put in more water or soda. Have a saturated solution of bromide of potassium near at hand, with a dropper secured in the cork. It is well to make a saturated solution also of hyposulphite of soda and then dilute nearly half, adding to a gallon of the same about a half-ounce of acid-sulphite—which is bought in solution—to keep the negatives clean and making it possible to use the hypo for some hours. I do not believe in keeping it over but in making it fresh every day. Be careful in buying hypo, and unless it is very pure rinse the crystals slightly before dissolving them. In fact, one cannot be too particular in getting pure chemicals. I must also urge making up the pyro fresh, as it then works with more energy, but if any is left over put with it oxalic acid at the rate of twenty grains to the ounce of dry pyro, which is a good preservative. Use it as soon as possible, and throw away developer which has been used. English workers are very fond of ammonia instead of soda, but I believe it is considered not so well-adapted to American plates. All that is then needed is a respectable amount of judgment—in other words, common sense and patience—if the plate is anywhere nearly properly timed, to get a good negative.

It is recommended to use two fixing baths, which is a good plan, but, in any case, leave the negative in the bath some minutes after it is apparently perfectly clear, to insure entire fixation. In summer, or if the room is very warm, I believe in the much-abused alum bath, saturated with a few drops of sulphuric acid, dipping the plate into the same once or twice, but not letting it remain. Take three ounces each of the two soda solutions to one half-drachm of dissolved pyro and a half-ounce of water (quantity of brains unlimited) and carefully note the progress of development. In about thirty seconds the image should first appear developing slowly and evenly. If over-timed, the picture will appear too quickly, and it is then well to put the plate under the tap for a few minutes and dilute the developer still more, remembering that diluted developer reduces harsh contrasts.

When detail is well out put in a little clear pyro solution to gain density. Under-timed plates are hard to do much with, but can be saved sometimes by re-development in eikonogen. Until a certain amount of experience is gained beginners can make use of a made-up developer instead of trying to combine it, but select either pyro and soda, pyro and potash, or eikonogen, to begin with, although a mixture of eikonogen and hydroquinone is quite good. Avoid the caustic alkalies, as they are called, and use either carbonate of soda or carbonate of potash, preferring to check development, when necessary, by water as suggested, and not fly to bromide, which "is a good servant if well used," but an exceedingly bad master. Judgment as to length of development is only gained by experience. Do not expect it will be the same with every make of plate,—some will stand more than others; and if the beginner will insist on making snap-shots at anything and everything, he must expect sad times in the dark-room. Quick exposure means slow development, and only plates of medium rapidity should be used as a general thing, keeping to one make and learning what Dickens's "Jenny Wren" would call "its tricks and its manners." They are very pronounced sometimes, but a known evil is far easier to be managed than an unknown one.

After development, fixing, and washing, the plate, or rather negative, should be gently rinsed off, passing a tuft of cotton or the palm of the hand lightly over it at the same time, and then placed in the negative-rack for drying. Do not try to hasten this process or you will more than likely come to grief, but allow it to take its own time, and meanwhile "let patience have her perfect work." I must again urge the greatest attention to every part of the work, and if anything unusual occurs, as will probably happen, go to some patient expert, who will pay you the compliment of finding fault with you, for that is the best way to learn.

CATHARINE WEED BARNES.

OUR FOREIGN PICTURES.

EDOUARD DETAILLE.

THIS most eminent of living French military painters has just received the crowning distinction of his career, in his election to the seat in the Institute of France left vacant by the death of his master, Meissonier. Though barely forty-five years of age, Detaille's celebrity is of a quarter-century standing, dating from his early youth. He is a Parisian by birth, and has

always devoted his genius to military subjects. A soldier himself in 1870, as well as in the Tunisian campaign, he has studied warfare at close quarters, and knows the French army *à fond*. Spirited composition and an elegant precision of drawing characterize Detaille's work. He is represented in most of the great galleries, not only of France, but likewise of Germany, England, and America. One of the most familiar of his later works is "Le Rêve" (in the Luxembourg, Paris), depicting the sleeping army's dream of glory on the eve of battle. The most notable example of Detaille in this country is the "Defense of Champigny," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

THE NEW GREEK PREMIER.

The premiership of M. Constantopoulos, whose portrait is given among our foreign pictures on page 171, is the outcome of the recent ministerial crisis in Greece. The former premier, M. Delianis, having refused to resign in accordance with the wishes of the King, the latter dismissed the ministry, and called M. Tricoupis to power. M. Tricoupis did not see his way to forming a new Cabinet, whereupon the King summoned the ex-president of the Chamber, M. Constantopoulos, who appears to have successfully acquitted himself of the delicate mission, in gathering about him a ministry composed of men more or less independent of the existing partisan groups. M. Constantopoulos is fifty-six years old, received his legal education in France and Germany, and is regarded as one of the most eminent jurists of modern Greece.

TIGER-HUNTING IN INDIA.

We reproduce from the *London Illustrated News* a spirited illustration of a tiger-hunt in Mysore, India. The method of capture is by surrounding the lair of the tiger with strong black netting made of goat's hair, and then erecting several stands on posts, on which the surrounding trees the hunters are posted. In this case the tiger was thus inclosed near a small lake or pond, and when all were in their places a path was opened in the netting, with wings made of the same, on to the lake, about thirty yards wide. For a time, notwithstanding the din of horns and the firing of guns and rockets, the tiger, or tigress, made no sign, but presently, with a loud roar, she rushed against the netting, but without effect. Then, after other fruitless assaults, she finally made for the open across the lake, and as she did so was killed by a bullet in the forehead. She proved to be a fine and very large tigress, and was carried away in state on an elephant's back.

BABIES AT CENTRAL PARK.

A VISIT to Central Park is particularly interesting at the present time on account of the numerous baby animals on exhibition. The success of the superintendent and his assistant keepers in breeding rare and valuable mammals is quite remarkable, and, it may be added, but little appreciated by those unacquainted with the difficulties of raising families among animals in close confinement, whose surroundings and manner of life are so essentially different from those natural to them in their native habitats. Such difficulties are, of course, greatly increased in the case of animals accustomed to a tropical climate, to whom the least exposure to chilling draughts or inequality of temperature is fatal.

The baby hippopotamus is fast growing out of babyhood into a well-rounded, compact, abridged edition of its mother, to whom its likeness in everything but size seems perfect. If it knew anything of the tepid waters of the African rivers, "reed grown, bridged by the shadows of endogens," the home of its progenitors, it might perhaps now and then feel a touch of homesickness; but where ignorance, if not bliss, prevents the intrusion of troublesome longings, it is certainly not to be deplored, and Hippopotamus, junior, growing up in the belief that life consists of wallowing in tanks of circumscribed dimensions, and being stared at from the outside of stout iron bars, and fed on occasional peanuts and apples in addition to regular rations, is spared any vain regrets.

The baby camel is another city pensioner whose tender infantile stage of existence would certainly never be guessed by its size. Born the first of last July, it is nine months old, but is nearly as large and homely as its mother. It is of a trusting and affectionate nature, and does not at all realize its immense proportions, for in its love of being petted it insisted on trying to get into my lap as I was sketching it, and would not desist until I called a policeman, who was obliged to use his club in keeping it away from me. This treatment evidently grieved its young and loving heart, for it stood bawling and remonstrating until I had finished my work.

Perhaps the most interesting and fascinating of the baby beasts belong to the deer and ante-

lopes. Of these there are four families: The Indian antelope, born in November; the axis-deer, whose first birthday coincided with that of our country last July; the Virginian deer, now nearly six months old; and the mouflon, who first saw the light of day the second day of last August. Many of these delicate little creatures have to be brought up by hand, and learn to regard their keeper, Philip Holms, as their foster-parent. Nothing can be prettier than to see them follow him about, lay their little heads upon his knee, and beg to be taken up and fed. Holms brings them up on the bottle until they are able to feed themselves, when their wild nature is apt to assert itself, and the ungrateful little creatures forget their benefactor.

In a visit to the animal-house to the east of the old Arsenal, a cat and kittens arrest attention by their size and beauty. The keeper places the kittens before us; they are larger than ordinary kittens, and beautifully marked with stripes and spots of velvety black, or a tawny ground. Gentle and playful, they behave exactly like old Tabby's kittens at home; but they are ocelots. Their mother, betraying the wild beast in every cry and movement, stands snarling, growling, and striking at us from within her cage.

In this same house is one of the most remarkable little animals ever domiciled in Central Park. It looks like some sort of a raccoon or very small bear, having a sharp, pointed nose and long, fluffy hair that stands out from the body in every direction. Although not in the remotest degree either in manner or looks suggestive of the canine species, the keeper assures me it is a dog, as indeed its English name, "Raccoon-shaped dog," and its Latin appellation, "*Canis procyonides*," would indicate. It has the feet and dentition of a dog, but in spite of its teeth I should never have thought of calling it one.

In an adjoining cage is a queer little family of guinea pigs, not the ordinary sleek, spotted creatures we usually see, but a long, curly-haired variety—white with pink eyes.

Strolling along the paddocks outside the houses we encounter the Japanese deer, a species until recently but little known. Like everything else Japanese, they are quaint, pretty, and diminutive. On the other side of the enclosure is an extremely interesting representative of an almost extinct variety of American animals; it is, indeed, questioned if this is not the only remaining specimen of his color, formerly so abundant in our Southern States. It is a young black wolf, the *canis lupus, occidentalis, niger* of Audubon and Bachman.

"But come," said the keeper; "let me introduce you to my especial pet, or rather to her remains, for I am sorry to say the little creature has just died, and they have sent from the Museum of Natural History for her body to upholster, which is the fate of all that die here." Entering the superintendent's room, he showed me a little dead bird, *Fratuca artica*, "sea dove," he called it; the first, he said, that ever visited our coasts. It was caught in a net and wounded so that it did not live long after coming into the Arsenal.

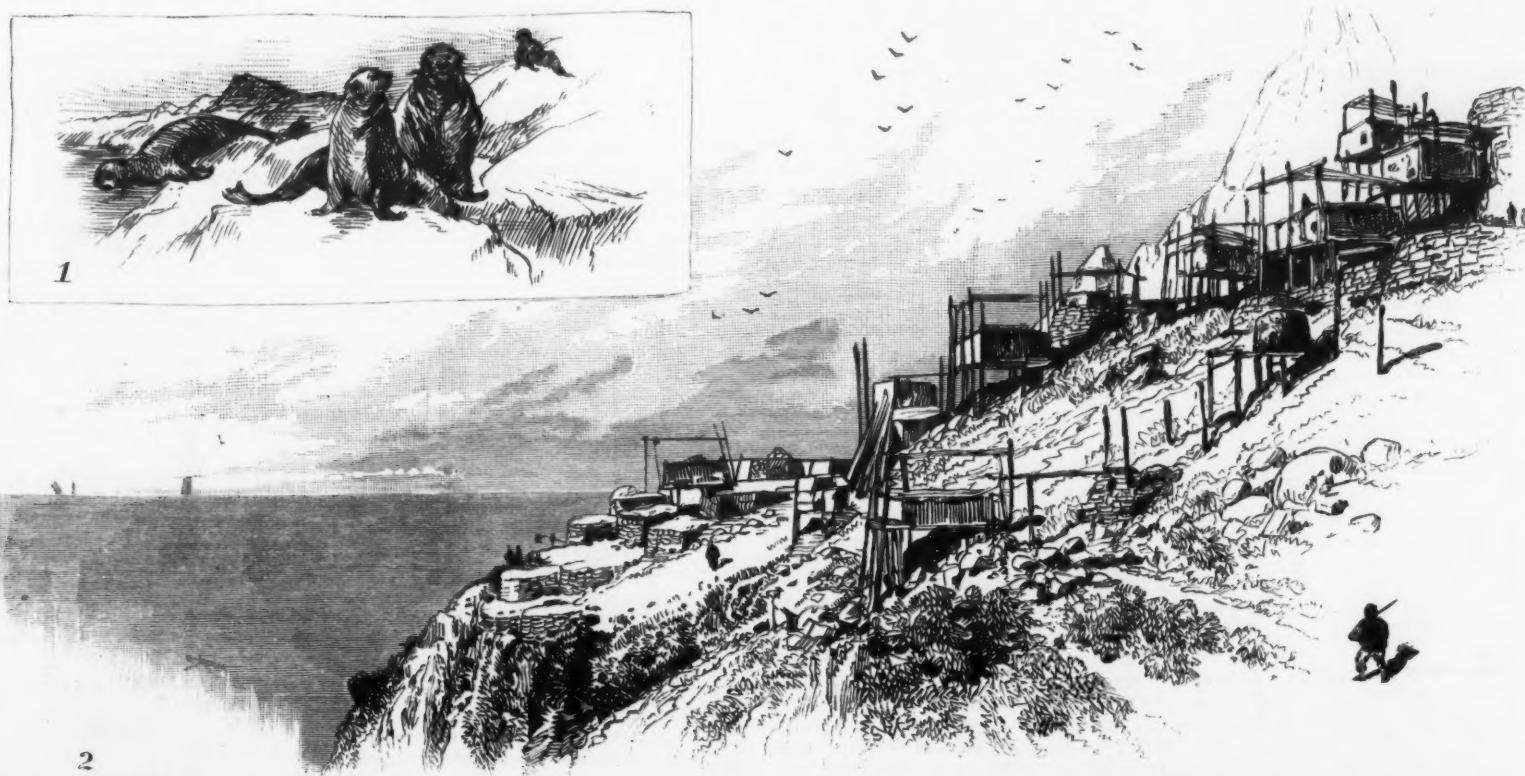
J. CARTER BEARD.

REV. B. F. DE COSTA, D.D.

THE recent sermons of Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, of New York, in which he vigorously arraigned the Tammany municipal administration, have produced a wide sensation, and have been warmly commended by all classes of people. There are some, however, who criticise Dr. Parkhurst's methods as "sensational and fallacious," maintaining that reform can only be assured through the constituted authorities, and that the church must purify itself before it can accomplish any effective results in purifying society. Among those who hold this view is Rev. Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. John the Evangelist, who recently preached a sermon in which he joined issue with Dr. Parkhurst as to the right method of curing municipal abuses. The sermon was quite as sensational as those of the clergyman criticised, but it appears to have been keenly relished, and it embodied a truth which is well worthy of consideration—namely, that "enforcement of law cannot be raised beyond the point favored by public sentiment."



REV. B. F. DE COSTA.



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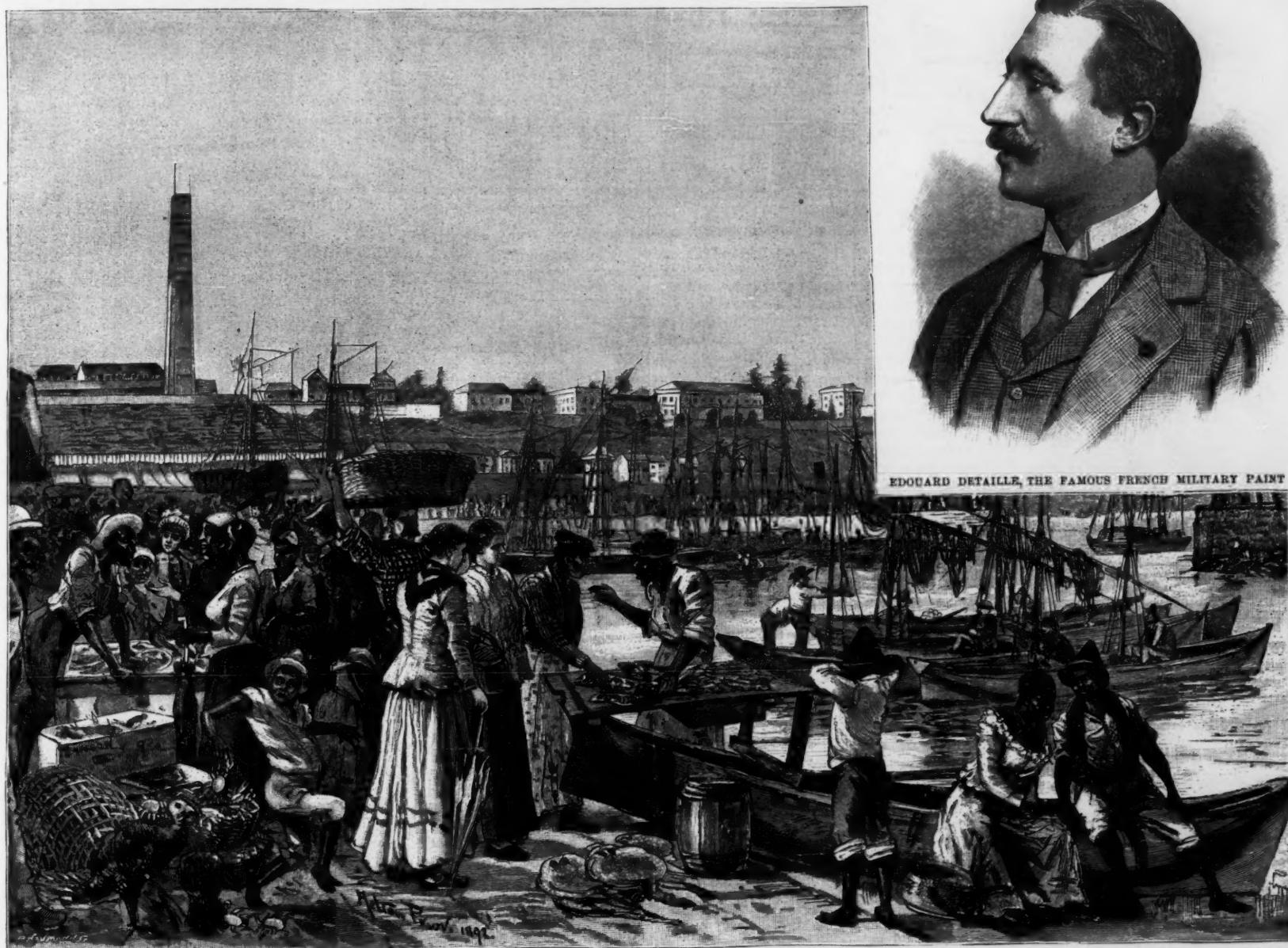
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1. ADULT SEA-LION AND YOUNG. 2. KING'S ISLAND IN BEHRING SEA. 3. CREEPING IN BETWEEN A SEA-LION HERD AND THE WATER. 4. A KILLING-GANG AT WORK.

THE QUESTION OF THE SEAL FISHERIES—SCENES ON BEHRING SEA.—[SEE PAGE 164.]



EDOUARD DETAILLE, THE FAMOUS FRENCH MILITARY PAINTER

THE FISH-MARKET IN RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.

M. CONSTANTOPULO, CHIEF OF THE NEW
GRECIAN MINISTRY.

SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 169.]

A TIGER-HUNT IN INDIA.



KEEPING HOUSE WITH TWO BEARS.

BROWNIE was the little wife of a little man who lived in a little house on a clearing in a pine wood. She was to have been called Mary, but when the friends came to the christening, an old aunt who had not before seen the child looked at her sharply and said, "H'm, Mary! the child ought to be called a Brownie." And Brownie she was christened.

Now the Brownies are a kindly folk, who contribute largely to the happiness of those whose lives are spent in the country. They sweep the hearth at night and bring buckets of water from the spring for the morning meal; they attend to the churning and the threshing of the corn;—and Brownie grew up truly one of these kind fairy folk. She always wore a kirtle of green, a jacket of scarlet, and a white cap. Her hair was dark and her face grave and sweet.

The master of the house was courageous and gentle, both strong and tender. He was a gentleman, though only a farmer in the pine woods. When they were married an old hunter had sent Brownie two bear cubs with this message: "If he knew them bears they would pay for the keeping." This was all their stock with which to begin farm-life in a new country. The neighbors said, "A cat and dog would have been more sensible like; them bears would eat them up some night."

The bears took much care of themselves, and proved good company. By and by the neighbors came to trust them enough to lay timid hands on their fur and to ask: "What makes their fur so soft?" The master answered, "Because it is always stroked the right way."

The little log house had only one room. What of that? At one end of the room was a fireplace, and the chimney rose above the house-top like a little square tower. In the house, in the field, at work or at rest, sometimes with one, sometimes the other, the bears were always near, for to master and mistress they seemed equally attached. Soon diligence, patience, and labor brought their reward. The clearing grew larger, the fields fairer to look on; cattle and sheep made pictures in the fields. Then the neighbors began to believe that there was luck in keeping "them bears." Still modest Brownie wore her kirtle of green, her scarlet jacket and white cap. Little children called the place home, and the two bears were their playfellows. The story of the bears coming out of the wood and devouring the children who mocked the prophet never frightened them. "If we had been there," they would say, "to put our arms round their necks, they wouldn't have eaten us up." For there was only one book in that wilderness home, and from much reading of it their speech and life had caught the tone and color of its teaching. In odd moments the master had carved and put together a stand to hold the book, and the stand had a drawer, "for" the master had said to Brownie, his wife, "some day we shall be old and will have to borrow eyes when we read, and we'll keep them with our treasures near the deed of our beautiful inheritance."

After a while came times of trouble. Crops failed, cattle sickened, the shadow of death passed over the little house. There were torn hearts and bruises many in their rough work-a-day world. There were times when it seemed as if the bears would die; and the luck of the house depended on their living. For so the super-

sition had taken firm root, and to keep two bears had come to be the distinguishing mark of a well-to-do family.

All the bright days of the year Brownie and the children lived out of doors. She put her babies to sleep in a blanket fastened between two singing pine saplings, and sat by them spinning on little wheel, and the two bears were often lying at her feet. A wild grape had been trained to climb over the house, and morning-glories had been sown so many times they had grown wild, and climbed up by the living way of the vine, blossoming everywhere. On dark days the blossoms were bright and smiling, and the master would say, "I want friends like my morning-glories, that seem brightest when the days are dark."

One morning along the road leading to the house came a man, weary and footsore. Why he came that way and what he thought as he came were forgotten long ago, but when he saw the picture that cheered the master to diligent daily labor, he lifted his cap in reverence. He was an artist, and the picture seemed Paradise Regained. The crescent-shaped clearing. Tall pines lifting their branches in blessing above the house, low pines protecting it from the wind and storm. The house covered with bloom. Pine and sweet flowers yielding balsam odor to the sunny air. Little children swinging in a blanket, a little woman in kirtle of green and a scarlet jacket, spinning, and two bears sleeping at her feet.

When the stranger asked for shelter the welcome given him mended his heart-soreness, and while rest cured his foot-weariness he made friends with the children and the bears. The master of the house told the tale of their lives, and the story of the bears pleased him so much that he made a picture of them.

For many years it was their greatest treasure, and when in days of peace and plenty the old house was replaced by a new one, the picture was cut in stone and placed above the door. Two bears supporting between them a heart-shaped shield which bore their names: "Bear and For-bear," and this legend round about, "Bear ye one another's burdens, forbearing one another in love." You might, in some very old print-shop, find a picture of the house. But I never saw one. **TUDLEY OF HEARTSEASE.**

In the wild pine woods of the Adirondack Mountains, far away from towns and villages, a strange family of birds build their nests. Silent by day, they utter a wild night-call in the darkest hours, so exactly like the cry of the savage panther that many a young huntsman has spent his first night "camping out" cowering close to the blazing fire, his imagination painting wild eyes in every bush as he fearfully waited an attack. And even experienced woodmen have felt their hearts grow still for a moment at the terrible cry in the darkness.

PRIZE OFFER.

This month the prizes will be more difficult to win than ever, but you must all try your best. And remember, dear little friends, that neatness is a very important part of a good letter, so do not write with lead pencil, for no matter how careful you may be, it is soon rubbed, and your work will not look inviting and dainty, as a letter should.

Look very carefully at this pretty picture. It was photographed by Dr. J. B. Beekman expressly for



the FRANK LESLIE boys and girls, and this month, instead of letters, you must each write a short story about the little child and the dog. Make the story fit the picture just as well as you possibly can. Ask all the big brothers and sisters to try too, for if they are too large to care for the prizes themselves, it will be a delightful way to win birthday presents for the little ones.

The girl who writes the best story will receive a French doll, and the boy who wins the prize will have a jointed fishing-rod.

All stories must be sent in by April 15th. The names of the prize-winners will be printed in the May colored number. Address all communications to Children's Department, FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PRIZE-WINNERS.

Your last letters, dear girls and boys, are the very best you have written. It is delightful to think of all the manly, industrious boys and clever little cooks. And best of all to know how very many things the boys can do, and what useful men they are growing to be; and how many little girls "love to help," and can "get supper and breakfast," and make delicious cakes, pies, and biscuits, when dear, kind, busy mamma is tired, ill or worried. I think that each little girl who can say, "I often help my mother," deserves a beautiful French doll, without even writing a letter to win one. And so many dear children have told me how well they can help, that I would like to send a whole regiment of dollies marching out to reward them all.

The successful letters this month were written by Ethel Ervin, Camden, Ala., and Ellsworth J. Smith, North Haven, Conn. The next in merit by Ethel Wiggins, Eureka, Kan., and Albert Miller, Kewanee, Ill. It is impossible to print the prize letters this time, or the names of all those who have written creditably, because there are so very many that there would not be space enough left on the children's page for a new prize offer.

SOLUTION OF PUZZLES.

Numerical Enigmas.

United States of America.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly.

Hidden Word.

Easy.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Will J. Bacon, Albert P. Wetter, G. S. Reinoehl, Bessie B. Sargent, Mary S. Guion, John W. Brown, Irene Gates, G. F. Ramsell, D. C. Ellis, H. R. Houston, B. M. Pettingill, Bessie Caulk, S. L. Howes, Alice Coryell, Dick Wellman, E. H. Peterson, Mabel Mitchell, Lonie Cook, Eileen M. Welden, Marion Winters, Brewer H. Eddy, Kittie Heg, Frank L. Root, —— Baltimore, Fannie Kelton, W. W. N. Righter, Lambert Thorp, Lilia R. James, Nellie Peterson, H. T. Leedom, Anne Lou Ryan, W. H. Ambler, Jr., Nadine Henry, Mamie Guldner, Harry Ellis, T. McDowell. The name of Madge Casterlin was accidentally omitted from a previous number.

R. W. H., DORCHESTER, N. B.—Is calm, self possessed, confident of his own integrity of purpose, and is gifted with that fluency which is work steadily done and without error, rather than the more uncertain if more rapid dash of impulse. His mind is lucid, logical, and well trained, with a retentive memory. His judgment is deliberate and reliable, and he has a keen sense of justice. He is candid, but capable of reticence and discretion; is clear in all things, and although generally good-tempered is apt to be somewhat intolerant of stupidity. His affections are sincere, with a touch of sentiment often unconfessed; his temperament is warm, but controlled; his will much stronger than is permitted to appear, and he is possessed of a healthy amount of egotism, belief in himself, carefulness in detail, great personal force, and strong liking of appreciation and applause.

Paul Max, St. Louis, Mo.—Is affectionate and a little inclined to sentiment. He is extremely neat, painstaking, and capable in business. Is energetic, but more in the form of steady and continued effort than impulsive action. He is ready, chatty, and an agreeable companion, but is not too loquacious or inclined to be indiscreet. There is education, even cultivation, in his handwriting, and an excellent showing of attention to detail combined with enterprise.

Zero, Lima, O.—Is intelligent, energetic, lucid, candid, and frank. He is well educated, has good taste and a clear, direct mind. He expresses himself easily and gracefully in conversation, is talkative, but not incautious or apt to speak without thought.

He likes a liberal scale of arrangement, is good-tempered, neat and rather particular. His energies are lasting, and he is impatient of monotony; his taste is to be extravagant, but he is not wasteful. He is capable of affection, and is apt to admire that which is his own.

Zero

F. R. K. E., St. Paul.—Has a deliberate and unimaginative temperament.

He is painstaking and decidedly self-confident, is candid, honest, and frank. He observes

readily enough, but is inclined to be prejudiced, draws hasty conclusions without looking on all sides of a subject. He is not precisely lazy, but

dislikes to be hurried, preferring to take his time.

He is reticent as a rule, and ex-

tremely so about his own affairs, but occasionally likes to express his views, and does so with freedom, and without questioning the opinions of others. He is capable of affection, but is a trifle selfish.

Student, Leipzig, Germany.—You are observing, cultivated, inquiring, reflective, somewhat critical, have good taste and the power of reasoning by analysis and dissection. You are capable of self-control, and need never be the slave of passion. Your handwriting shows neatness and a talent for method and system that is exact but not mechanical. Rather the result of coolness and intention, for you are unimpulsive, deliberate, level-headed and logical. If you go astray in life your eyes will be open to the downward course and your sense of justice will accuse you boldly. You are tenacious and have strong powers of dogged resistance. Your capacities are of a high order. Keep a strong point of ambition in view, and all things are possible.

J. B. M., Pittsburg, Pa.—Is careful, painstaking, honest, open, and well-intentioned, but is a trifle uncertain and somewhat changeable. He is capable of giving excellent care to small matters, and has ambition that should help him along in life. He is affectionate, but lacks force at present, although undeveloped will power is visible. A good trade well learned is my advice.

Serious, Paulsboro, N. J.—There are good possibilities in your handwriting. You are neat, careful, and clear, not too talkative, and show a disposition to be attentive to small matters—a most necessary quality in business. You need to be a little more decided, are rather weak at present; but have a will you can train if you choose. You are affectionate and have a pleasant disposition, are well-intentioned and, I infer, industrious. If you practice self-control, learn to be more concentrated, and cultivate a habit of doing your best, I can promise good results.

Francis J. Dawson, Wapawoneta, Ohio.—Has a most excellent opinion of himself, and shows in his handwriting that there is more than one side to his variable disposition. He is ardent in temperament and self-indulgent. His imagination is ready, but rather ill-regulated. He is educated and even cultivated; has energy, which works itself out in whimsical channels rather than in the pathway of industry. He is capable of diplomacy, is obstinate, and has a fondness for controlling others. But he is usually good-humored, and, if excepting some fickleness and excitability, not difficult to be friendly with.

"Swegen," Seattle, Wash.—Is logical, observing, candid, and possessed of good judgment and a keen sense of justice. There is enterprise in his handwriting, calm and unimpulsive confidence, and a curious mixture of generous instinct and some selfishness in practice. He likes all matters on a liberal scale of arrangement, is well-educated, tenacious, not at all easy to influence, and believes strongly in himself, his theories, his pursuits, and his methods.

J. M. N-son, Inka, Miss.—You are something of an original, with an ever-ready imagination. Are good-natured, an unlimited talker and general conversationalist. Modest shyness is not your leading trait, but you are too clear-headed to be blind to your very evident egotism. In spite of some appearances to the contrary, you are honest and open, only expecting to deceive stupidity. You always, however, get the best of a bargain when you can. You are given to eccentricities, are ambitious and energetic, but can idle very well on occasion. Are extravagant, free-handed, well educated, very observing, quick-witted, level-headed and critical, and are a thoroughly good fellow. Your intuitions are very strong, you are versatile and capable in many directions. You have a remarkable talent for managing others, and will always take life as a joke, with a half-comical, serious side.

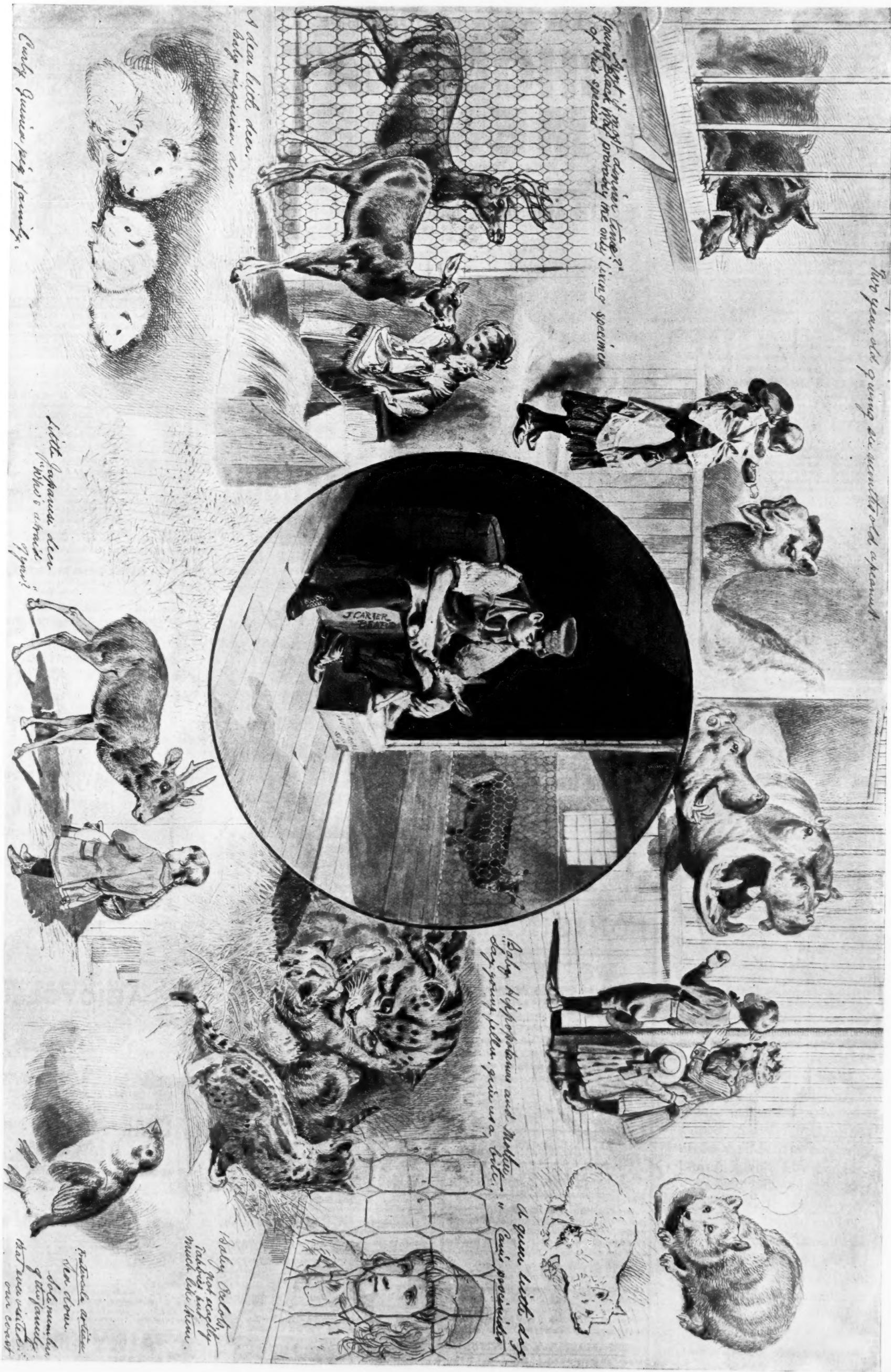
Buckeye, Keystone, Emporia, Kan.—Is somewhat ambitious, has a ready imagination, and is fluent, energetic and wide awake. He is determined, though not in the least tyrannical, is good-humored, straightforward, and knows what he wants. His business capacities are excellent, and he is not afraid of new ideas. He works with rapidity, is apt to give little forcible personal touches to everything he does. His affections are warm, but simple, and though he might err through impulse, he is not deliberately ill-intended or given to concealment.

Charles Brandywine, Wilmington, Del.—Is ardent in temperament and possessed of some imagination. He has great faith in himself, is positive and sometimes a bit selfish. He is well educated, has good taste, a great capacity for fluency, and is occasionally, though not always, original. He has considerable personal force, tenacity, and an ability for self-control despite his ardor, that, well applied, should be valuable beyond expression.

L. C. D., Fort Wayne, Ind.—Has a firm, analytical mind, critical ability, generally quick and vivid intuition, and an insight more rapid than the average. He is business-like and c'ever in a general sense, well educated, well trained, and has, I think, good literary taste. He understands and practices economy as a principle, but is not avaricious. Is a ready and charming conversationalist, but careful of his facts. He is cultivated, ardent but controlled, generous in mind, decided, candid, and not afraid to own to his opinions.

G. H.—Is well educated, even cultivated, possesses an observing, capable mind, is self-reliant, self-approving, ambitious, and can make good use of diplomacy on occasion. I see tenacity, a decided intention of prevailing by force of will, readiness and fluency of tongue and pen, but also a great faculty of reticence, and the ability to veil intention, however strong it may be. Ardor, activity, and critical tendency are visible, good judgment, and a habit of rapid, well-finished work.

The Graphological Department is forced to ask all new subscribers entitled to Graphological charts to be so good as to have a little patience. An extraordinarily large number of applications has been received. Each specimen is numbered and will be considered in turn, and the chart delivered as soon as possible. No one will be overlooked, but there will be some delay.



THE BABIES IN CENTRAL PARK.—DRAWN BY J. CARTER BEARD.—[SEE PAGE 169.]

COMING DOWN.

"THE Four Hundred are brassy," said Hicks. "On the contrary, they are shrinking," observed Hawkins. "McAllister has brought them down to one hundred and fifty."

POPULAR TOURS TO WASHINGTON.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED tours to Washington have been arranged via the Royal Blue Line for March 24th and April 14th. The tickets include all necessary expenses of a three days' trip and provide for hotel accommodations at Washington, baggage transfers, etc. Rates from New York, \$11.50, \$12.50, and \$13.25. Proportionate rates from Boston and other New England points. For programme describing these tours write to Thomas Cook & Son, agents B. & O. R. R., 261 and 1225 Broadway, New York, or 332 Washington Street, Boston.

It is not within the province of journalists to call editorial attention to advertisements, and especially to an article, paradoxical though it be, that is so universally used and condemned; but, favoring the human side of life, in this particular instance we have accepted an advertisement of the Belle of Nelson Distillery Co., only after an investigation of the Internal Revenue Records at Washington. This investigation shows the Belle of Nelson to be one of the very few distilleries that produce a strictly hand-made sour-mash whisky, made upon the old-fashioned principles, and such an article being required, and absolutely necessary in many instances, we commend this whisky to those who need a stimulant.

THE TOURIST. Have you seen it? Utica, N. Y.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN, especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gall Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

THE Colorado Midland Railway passes through the most interesting portion of the Rocky Mountains. If you will send \$1.25 we will mail you, postage paid, three beautiful colored photographs of scenery, or for \$1 four beautiful photogravure pictures. Address Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Denver, Colorado.

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ELECTRIC-LIGHTED and steam-heated vestibuled trains, with Westinghouse air signals, between Chicago, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, daily.

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Through vestibuled sleeping cars, daily, between Chicago, Butte, Tacoma, Seattle, and Portland, Ore.

Ticket agents everywhere sell tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railway.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—"Best and goes farthest."

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the celebrated appetizer, of exquisite flavor, is used all over the world.

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

CREEDIE CAMP, COLORADO.

THE attention of investors, speculators, and miners is called to this new mining district. This camp, now eighteen months old, is to-day shipping twenty-five carloads of ore per day. It is expected that by June 1st there will be fully ten thousand people in the camp.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is the only line running trains directly to the camp. For information, rates of fare, etc., address S. K. Hooper, G. P. and T. A., Denver.

SOHMER & CO.'s Bijou Grand Piano is a unique instrument, being the smallest grand piano ever made, but possessed of a large tone.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

There is nothing in a physician's life that gives him more satisfaction than seeing the prompt effect of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil in bringing back plumpness and color to thin and pale children.

"Poor baby!" Everybody sees the sad picture. No one but the physician appreciates it. He knows what dangers threaten thin children.

Let us send you a book about thinness.

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The Teeth are made Snowy White; there is a rich odor of perfume about the breath; in fact, every young lady who uses this Great Original Pine Tar Soap has the proud satisfaction of knowing that it has made her

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BARKER BRAND IN SHAPE FINISH & WEARTRY THEM.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH
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Beware of imitations.
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Best Champagne that can be produced in America.

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Violet-Scented Oatmeal, 25c.
The purest and best powder for the nursery and toilet, in tin boxes.

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For strengthening and improving the growth of the hair, in bottles.

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For imparting to the cheeks a delicate and lasting bloom, in bottles.

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GOLDEN HAIR WASH for the hair, in bottles, \$1.

Prepared and sent upon receipt of price by
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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
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Labeled 1/2 lb. tins only.

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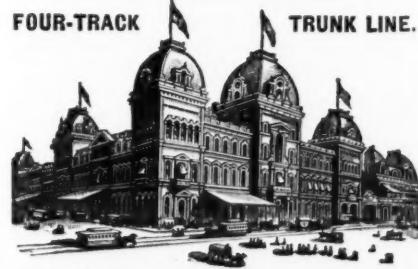
March, April, May

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